

Music Is Combatting Communism!

Latest AFM Ruling Hits At 'Canned Music'

New York—In a new move evidently aimed at "canned music" shows—specifically, disc jockey programs—an official notification was sent out to all booking agents by James C. Petrillo recently forbidding artists to transcribe cuts for pseudo-"in-person" purposes.

At the Santa Barbara convention, the memo revealed a resolution was introduced, since adopted by the Federation, prohibiting members, and especially leaders, from recording their voices for use in connection with disc jockey shows "wherein the illusion is created that the leader is presented in the studio in connection with the playing of his records or otherwise."

Immediate result of this will be the dropping of a gimmick, used with increasing frequency by record companies, of sending out special tracks cut by bandleaders to be used with programs of their records. Stan Kenton, Ralph Flanagan and many other name leaders, as well as singers like Billy Eckstine who are AFM members, all of whom have frequently sent out special discs of this type, are affected by the ruling.

Lanza Fights With MGM

Hollywood—Mario Lanza, evidently out to emulate his conception of a great opera star with a burst of temperament, failed to show for the start of his next picture at MGM, *The Student Prince*.

After several weeks of battling over issues that no one was able to clarify, MGM announced that the production, on which pre-recording and other costs already had run up to several hundred thousand dollars, was "postponed indefinitely" and that "appropriate legal action would be instituted immediately" against the singer.

Because Lanza's appearance as co-star with Gisele MacKenzie on NBC's *Coca Cola* series, was contingent on MGM permission, he was also off that engagement at this writing.

Big Show Has Hit The Road

New York—The Big Show is rolling.

Sarah Vaughan, Nat Cole and the Stan Kenton orchestra completed their last individual dates last week and played the first concert of the series Sept. 19 at the Onondaga War Memorial Auditorium in Syracuse, N.Y.

The troupe then headed north to play its second date the following night in Toronto.

'Down Beat's' Five Star Discs

The following records represent the cream of the past two weeks crop. See pages 4 and 10 for complete record reviews.

POPULAR

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| *TERESA BREWER-DON CORNELL | <i>You'll Never Get Away</i> (Coral 60829). |
| *CAMARATA | <i>Veradero</i> (Decca 28376). |
| *NAT (KING) COLE | <i>I'm Never Satisfied</i> |
| | <i>Because You're Mine</i> (Capitol 2212). |
| *DORIS DAY-DONALD O'CONNOR | <i>No Two People</i> (Columbia 39863). |
| *EDDIE FISHER | <i>Outside Of Heaven</i> |
| | <i>Lady Of Spain</i> (Victor 20-4953). |
| *FRANKIE LAINE | <i>The Ruby And The Pearl</i> |
| | <i>The Mermaid</i> (Columbia 39862). |
| *MILLS BROTHERS-HAL MCINTYRE | <i>The Glow-Worm</i> (Decca 28384). |
| *KAY STARR | <i>Comes A-Long A-Love</i> |
| | <i>Three Letters</i> (Capitol 2213). |

RHYTHM AND BLUES

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| *LLOYD PRICE | <i>Oooh-Oooh-Oooh</i> (Specialty 440). |
| *THE RAVENS | <i>Rock Me All Night Long</i> (Mercury 8291). |

*Will be reviewed in next issue.

DOWN BEAT

(Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office)
VOL. 19—No. 20 CHICAGO, OCTOBER 8, 1952
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ARMSTRONG AND JENKINS, that unlikely pair who turned out to be a perfect team for best-selling records, are seen here at a party thrown jointly for Satchmo and Gordie during their joint engagement at the Paramount theatre. Decca records and the *Pittsburgh Courier* combined to throw the shindig.

Spinning With Web

Why Can't We Use Top Singers To Help Bands?

By HAL WEBMAN

Not too many years ago it was a general practice in the record business to place or pair off a singer with a band, those being the days when bands were the thing.

It just occurred to us that now is the time to make the switch. Why not pair off bands

with singers? Not bands that already are recording, for we assume that is the years of pruning that have gone by, but those bands which still own record contracts and are units whose sales justify the contract.

It must be admitted that this brainstorm is not without inspiration. And that the credit for the idea really belongs to someone at Decca Records, more than likely

recording boss Jimmy Hilliard.

We received a record by the Mills Brothers a few weeks ago, of an old song, *Glow Worm*, with new lyrics (Johnny Mercer's) wherein band credit was given Hal McIntyre's orchestra. Now Hal has always had a good band but hasn't had much luck with records since his early days on Bluebird.

Results Already

But this is what this record is doing for Hal. Actually, this is what it has done for Hal. He was working the Blue Room in New Orleans when the record was issued. Business in the room was (Turn to Page 19)

Kenton Set At Rustic Cabin

New York—Stan Kenton's latest orchestra, making its long-awaited initial Eastern location stint in the New York area, has been set for 10 days at the Rustic Cabin in Englewood Cliffs, N. J., opening Nov. 21.

The Kenton band will also be heard in Manhattan Oct. 11 as part of the Big Show presentation at Carnegie Hall.

Voice of America Shows Bring Universal Harmony

By LEONARD FEATHER

New York—Here's bad news for the Kremlin—music is fighting Communism!

Ever since the reds started their arrogant attacks on our "decadent, capitalistic" music, our answer has rung forth in a loud, potent voice—the Voice of America. Today this State Department organ, which succeeded the wartime OWI, is beaming an ever-increasing barrage of programs comprising everything from pop music and jazz to folk music and classics, to countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

While the commies yell bloody murder, in *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, about "unhealthy art brought to our country from America," "vulgar American ditties," "convulsive boogie woogie" and "jazz, the music of spiritual enslavement," our music can be heard speaking eloquently for itself.

Here's How It Happens

On a lightning tour of the world at any given moment to inspect VOA methods, here's what you might find. An audience in darkest Africa listening to a program of American college songs. A group of schoolkids in Sweden tuned in to a program of folk songs by kids in Great Neck, Long Island. An eager group in Eastern Germany crowding around a radio to enjoy a concert by the Denver Symphony. A Tasmanian audience catching up on the song hits via Martin Block's international version of his *Make Believe Ballroom*. A crowd of Bombay swing fans keeping up with developments from Birdland to Dixieland via *Jazz Club U.S.A.* with a cat named Leonard Feather.

Commentaries in at least 30 languages are devised for these shows. A few music programs go on VOA's short-wave shows from here, but many are packaged on 16-inch discs and shipped overseas for local transmission, to insure good reception.

In the popular field, Joe Stalin's (Turn to Page 19)

Eckstine, Basie To Tour South

New York—Billy Eckstine and Count Basie's band, after they complete their current concert tour with George Shearing's Quintet, will jointly continue the talent merger for their second annual southern one-nighter tour.

Tour will probably kick off shortly after the first of the year, and will likely follow the same path the team took earlier this year.

Following the southern one-nighters, Eckstine is scheduled to make his first European trek, with a pencilled-in date slated for London's Palladium sometime in April.

New TV Show For Patti Page

New York—Patti Page will remain on TV after she finishes her current twice-weekly show on CBS. She will shift to NBC on Oct. 8 to begin a bi-weekly half-hour show for Scott Tissue.

Show will be seen every other Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. Co-featured with her on the video presentation will be comic Frank Fontaine.

Between video shows, Patti will be free to play a full schedule of night club, theater and one-night dates.

May In March At Cafe Rouge

New York—Billy May's band finally has been signed for its first Gotham location stand. The band will hit the Statler Hotel's Cafe Rouge on March 9, 1953 and will stay in the room either two or four weeks. Band's last showing here was at the Paramount Theater.

May's next important location will be at the Palladium in Hollywood where he opens on Oct. 7. Meanwhile, the band has been doing excellent business on the road.

Vince Dailey Dead

New York—Vince Dailey, who managed brother Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, died Sept. 3 at the age of 44. Funeral services were held Sept. 8.

Dailey's untimely death was attributed to cancer.

Double Pact; Decca-Univ. Signs Monet

New York—Capitalizing for the first time on their virtual merger, Decca Records and Universal-International Pictures are about to embark on a joint effort to promote a new name by way of both records and movies.

The lucky guy is a lad named Robert Monet, who at prestime had completed signing both his contracts and was being readied for his first record dates. Both firms will work on the singer's records to sell his name as a movie personality, and when he makes his movie, they will drive on him via pictures to solidify him as a record name.

The Monet deal is strictly experimental, but could be the forerunner of many similar arrangements if it is successful.

Cover Subject

Tony Bennett has proved to be no flash-in-the-disc. There were many who felt that Tony wouldn't make it after *Because Of You* and *Cold, Cold Heart* had worn off. But his record sales and his personal appearance itinerary provide ample evidence that he is here to stay.

Tony just finished five weeks at the Roxy Theater in New York, where this Bob Parent cover shot was taken. And on Oct. 2 he opens at the Copacabana, his first major night club gig in the big city, for four weeks.

By Billy Eckstine

Show & Movie Tunes Are Savors Of Song Business



Mr. B. and fan club representatives.

By BILLY ECKSTINE

Shows are saving the song business. The guys that write Broadway musicals and movie scores are the only ones making the effort to create something decent, even something original in their songs.

Those other writers, the guys who just hack out songs for the sake of making a living, aren't doing anything constructive. They sit around and think up a gimmick a day. They're looking for sounds instead of ideas. The result is, well—look around at some of the hit songs. These are songs?

It's just a good thing there are fellows like Berlin, Porter and Rodgers and Hammerstein around to build up a singer's courage every year or so. But some of those great songwriters actually are afraid to write songs between shows or movies, or if they aren't fortunate enough to get assignments like those, they just aren't writing at all. It boils down to this: these great songwriters are afraid that they'd be wasting their time trying to write classy tunes when the public is eating up the junk that's being offered them now.

Not So New

The same things holds true for new bands, that is if you can call these bands "new." The ideas the new leaders are selling are not new ideas. They are modifications or direct steals of ideas of the great bands of the swing era. Like Billy May. He's borrowing from Lunceford, only he can't hold a candle to what Jimmie used to do. The beautiful things that Willie Smith used to do with Lunceford, now they're all slurs. They slur so much it begins to irritate. I'm sure it will begin to bother the public like it does me, even though Billy is doing great on the road.

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The Blast

Chicago—When Johnnie Ray dropped by the Blue Note one night to hear Stan Kenton's band, his party was seated at a table just in front of the stand. Ray leaned back expectantly. Stan gave the downbeat, and the band blasted into one of its Latin screamers. Ray sat up, removed his hearing aid, then leaned back again.

Civilian Anderson Pens B'way Show

New York—Leroy Anderson was discharged from the Army recently and immediately went to work on the Broadway show he told the *Beat* (June 4) he would like to do when he returned to civvies.

He is working on a score for a musical version of successful legit-movie comedy, *My Sister Eileen*.

Anderson is also busily preparing some new material for still another album of originals, which will be recorded by Decca. It will be his third such effort.

A Long, Long Time From Kenton's April To Sept.

Chicago—In the short time that elapsed between Stan Kenton's April and September location stands here, he almost completely reorganized his band. And, quite frankly, he had to. His April outfit was simply too inexperienced and lacking in jazz talent to do a good job. So Stan made wholesale replacements, reorganized sections, added and discarded material, and finally pieced together what may well be the best band he's ever fronted.

Every chair is now occupied by a musician who knows what's happening at all times. There is none of the fumbling, complete differences in conception, and inability to get off the ground that marked this band's predecessor. Thus there is less reliance placed on the old warhorses like *Love for Sale*, *Peanut Vendor*, and the like, and more willingness to try new Gerry Mulligan, Bill Russo, and Johnny Richards scores.

Top Solo Men

The presence of new stars Lee Konitz and trombonist Frank Rosolino, plus veterans Conte Candoli and Maynard Ferguson, also gives Stan a chance to showcase soloists with the full knowledge that they will measure up to the accolades Stan is wont to employ in introductions. It was most embarrassing to discerning listeners a few months ago to hear a man introduced as "one of our great future stars" and then to realize that the future was still a considerable number of years away.

And Stan made an unsung but invaluable switch when he brought in drummer Stan Levey. Though there was a feeling that Levey, who has played in small combos almost exclusively, might be too light for the Kenton powerhouse, that fear was dispelled immediately. He is sure, flexible, and a swinger, never lets the band bog down under its own weight.

Still Heaviness

For there is still a lot of the ponderousness that has been almost a Kenton trademark over the years evident in this crew. Layer after layer of sound is yet occasionally employed, capped by five blasting trumpets (led by Childers, Ferguson, and Candoli). But to those who used to complain that that was all they heard from Stan's bands, we

point to some of the new scores like Mulligan's *Limelight* and Russo's *Bill's Blues and Sweeties*. Effective use is made of dynamic shading and sections moving contrapuntally, and lots of room is left for solo improvisation.

The band is an eager one and a confident one. Several men told us that when it's right, they feel it's the best in the country. That's probably an overstatement at this point, as they still lack the unit feel and easy familiarity with the book that comes only from working together over a long period.

Long Steps

But Stan certainly has taken some long, positive steps in that direction. We, along with many others, have often been dismayed by his idea of what constitutes "progressive jazz," but this band we'll buy. Provided it doesn't, like other Kenton editions, become hopelessly enmeshed in *Cities of Glass*, *Somnambulism*, and *Artistry in Something or Other*.

—jack

CV Prepping New Big Band

Philadelphia—Charlie Ventura, still operating his Open House outside Camden, plans to reorganize a big band for the first time in two years and will break it in with a long stint at his club.

Band was being lined up for a Sept. 19 opening, with five brass, five saxes, three rhythm and a girl singer. Charlie will use much of his old big band library, supplemented by new scores from Manny Albam and others.

Negotiations are in progress for a Mutual wire to show the band off from the Open House.

SONGS FOR SALE

.. Starring ..

STEVE ALLEN



The New York Crime Commission reported the other day that one way in which members of the big-time criminal syndicates are covering their old tracks is by engaging in legitimate enterprises.

Needless to say, when a criminal is engaged in a legitimate enterprise, it's only a matter of time till the enterprise assumes a shady aspect. Not many people in the music business seem to be aware that the Ugly Men are moving into the field to stay. In the long run it could mean that the crooner sweepstakes will acquire the taint of the fight racket.

The syndicates, already firmly entrenched in the night-club, liquor and juke box industries, have been signing up promising young vocalists right and left and so far the gimmick has paid off handsomely. While they have no actual connection with the major record firms, the Ugly Men can still guarantee a record executive that their boys' discs will be given a great juke-box ride and a heavy and expensive publicity push. Also they've shown pretty good taste thus far and have signed up several singers who are top-rate performers.

Some of the singers, however, are reported unhappy over the fees exacted by the Ugly Men behind them who are, naturally, not content at all with an agent's usual 10 per cent.

A few crooners are cut three or four ways in a managerial arrangement that smacks of the Primo Carnera era. In precisely the way that Carnera was pushed into the heavyweight championship by the mob, who pulled the trick by a series of bouts with pushovers or by outright fixed fights, some of today's singers are being shoved into the big-time by a combination of juke-box support and juicy night-club assignments.

In any instance where established record firms show lack of interest in a singer, the Ugly Men has shown that it is prepared to force the issue by tying in with independent firms or by footing the bill for a recording session and then peddling the masters.

It's not perhaps immediately evident, but the situation bodes no good for the music industry.

At one time a singer could handle a heckler with a deft quip or a plea for cooperation. The other night at a Philadelphia night-spot a noisy customer who badgered one of the Ugly Men's "boys" was told "Keep your mouth shut or you'll get your arms and legs broken."

Here we go again.

Swingin' The Golden Gate

If The Stars Only Knew What Press Agents Do!

By RALPH GLEASON

San Francisco—In the course of writing and editing a popular music page in a metropolitan Sunday newspaper (The San Francisco Chronicle) during the past two years, I have managed to get myself on almost every publicity list in the music business.

Every record promotion flack from Buddy Basch to Beep Roberts keeps my mail box stuffed with items on his clients. A steady flow of printed matter from the record companies adds to the general accumulation. In addition to this, I have been working rather closely with the librarians and jockeys on 15 Bay Area stations during this time and the result is that I have had an opportunity to look at the kind of things they (and I) receive from the music and record business. The overall look at, say, a week's accumulation of this material is very revealing.

Working In The Dark

Few record company publicists have any idea what competing companies produce. Few record promotion flacks do either, I suspect, and I'm sure few, if any, of the regular band publicists know what their product is competing against in a radio station.

But every one of you should take a day off and study the mail of the best known jock in your area. You'll learn a lot. But more than that, every bandleader, singer, or recording artist should take a good look at what his flack is sending out about him. Not from the standpoint of the content, but from the standpoint of WHETHER IT IS OF USE TO THE GUY WHO GETS IT. Promotion of records or artists through the mail is nothing more or less than the good old "send one dollar" type of direct mail advertising.

Same Routine

Instead of asking the guy who gets the letter to send you a buck for somebody's Herbal Medicine, you are asking him to play the records of your client. And if what you send him is of no use to him,

it goes right into the wastebasket but it also, after a sufficient amount builds up, annoys the blazes out of the jockey, librarian or reviewer.

If the record artists could see some of the impossible crud that is mailed out in their name, they would slit their throats. To begin with, there is probably more money wasted on postcards saying "watch for Elsie Outhouse's new NUTZ platter of *Take Me, For Heaven's Sake Take Me*," than there is in one entire government department yearly. Do those postcards ever get the record played?

Must Be Of Service

Record promotion material must be of service to do any good. It should be readable, clearly written and offer the jock or librarian or reviewer something he didn't know. Or something he can put to use in building a program or writing a review. A good biography of a client is an absolute must. Many a station program director has cancelled a 15 minute or half hour show because he couldn't put together a running story of some artist. Decent pictures (not cute, gimmicked shots) are necessary, too.

Are there good things being done? You bet there are! The tune chart that the Ralph Flanagan office sent out a couple of years ago is pinned to the wall of half the record libraries in the country. Frankie Carle's newsletter is read by people who never play his records ordinarily, but try to work one into their shows out of gratitude. Some flacks give fast, efficient service plus readable material.

Record Outfits Help

Capitol's card index biographical service is a daisy, and the other major record companies have good publicity apparatus, too.

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When You Hit The Road With A Band, The Road Hits You Back; Take It From Chubby!

By CHUBBY JACKSON

Have you ever stopped to think what happens to a band of guys when they head east, south, north, west into what musicians call the blessed territories?

Yeh! Whatta thrill to stand in a crowded terminal, with stardust in your eyes, watching your favorite bus load of musical champions wheel out. You wave madly goodbye to them—they in turn wave feebly back and grunt a word visible only to the eye of a lip reader—"help!"

Very few people on the outside realize the dues paid daily and nightly by the chaps on the bandstand. All looks well from front as your favorites go through the paces. Everybody had such fun! However, let's explore the same scene from the bandstand, through the eyes of the musician. What a completely different picture!

The life of a road musician could be beautifully explained on, perhaps, that radio-TV show, *We, the People*. As far as a vocation is concerned, we, as musicians, lay claim to one of the most unusual ways of making that buck. Some musicians go on and on forever. They love their road work. Some get fed up with the monotony, and end up in a radio studio or on some steady job outside of music just to settle and squat!

Hit the Road

Both schools are right whatever direction they take. Let me illustrate just what the one-nighter is, its good points first.

Barnstorming best defines the one-nighter. In other words, one night here, and one night there. A big name band, with the help of its booking offices, lines up a tour from coast to coast, from your major cities to all tiny outposts big enough to round up enough customers to pay the band off.

Bands travel differently. Some in a bus, some in private cars belonging to the leader (or the boys), trains, and once in awhile an air flight, when the distance is too far on the ground to make the next jump. It all adds up to the same story—when the downbeat is given, the boys are ready to go.

The usual working period is from four to five hours on the stand continuous, with a half hour off near the climax of an evening.

Money!

Bandleaders as a rule love the one-nighters. It represents security to them. Every night a certain guarantee insures making payroll for the band and a few extra for him. On a location, the bandleader is apt to break even or perhaps lose money. Consequently it's easy to understand the viewpoint of the gentleman in front of the band.

In questioning most musicians about the good points of the road, they'll all tell that it affords them the chance to travel all over the U. S. and make new friends. Especially during the summer months—you visit all the choice parks and lakes in some of the most

scenic spots in the world. It broadens your education without a doubt. It gives you a clearer social and political picture, and in the long run, makes you quite a composite fellow.

A decidedly positive factor is that the musical traveler gets to meet other musicians in the outlying territories. Those poor fellows offer a real problem. They are confronted with a lack of correct instruction, insufficient equipment, nobody to talk personal musical problems over with, etc. They idolize the boys in the name bands, and when the bands come through, it's a national holiday for the locals.

The Local Boys

From the beginning of the night through the intermission and long after the job is over, the boys hang out with the local boys. At times, reeds, mouthpieces, strings, and, sometimes, arrangements handed out freely. Tips and advice are the rule of the evening. In its own way, it's a magnificent gesture for a deserving group of less fortunate musicians.

Of course, we get to visit their homes, and end up being invited for a home cooked meal. Every now and then, that really helps a restaurant-tired stomach. Their families also show deep appreciation.

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Union Explains '47 Benefit Ban

Hollywood—Local 47 officials are somewhat irritated with the big headlines and inferences contained in trade paper stories dealing with their recent edict barring local musicians from making gratis appearances on "telethons" and other types of TV and radio benefit shows.

Doc Rando, onetime saxman with the original Bob Crosby band and now a member of the local's board of directors, told *Down Beat*:

"Local 47 will continue to lend support as always to worthy fund-raising projects, but we found that our members were being pushed around on these things while other workers, such as stagehands, electricians and such were, on at least some occasions, drawing full pay."

Wasted Hours

"And there were cases where musicians, donating their services, were told to be present early in the evening and then were kept sitting around for hours—even all night."

"The leaders and so-called big stars on these things always get valuable publicity out of them. The publicity angle means nothing to a sideman."

Rando said that the Local 47 ban specifically excluded the forthcoming City of Hope telethon benefit because approval had been granted months ago and "we wouldn't go back on our word."

He said that in the future Local 47 would consider appeals for assistance in charitable benefits but would supply the necessary musicians and pay them from the union's welfare fund.



RECENT BIG PROMOTION between WINS' Brad Phillips and name singers brought a flock of stars to the Castleholm restaurant in Manhattan to be briefed on the tie-ins for the *Singing Battle Royal* of which Brad is moderator. L. to r. are Alan Dean, Tommy Edwards, Gene Williams, Johnny Hartman,

Dick Haymes, Brad Phillips, Eddie Fisher, Danny Winchell, Stuart Foster, Richard Hayes, Steve Lawrence, Danny Davis, Tony Bennett, Johnny Parker, Art Lund, Larry Douglas, Ricky Vallo, Al Martino, Rusty Draper, Danny Sutton and Jimmy Saunders.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK

Frankie Laine wrote us from London that "the Palladium (date) is the greatest thrill and experience that ever happened to me in my show biz life" . . . Claude Thornhill in town and will reorganize here around Oct. 1 . . . Tommy Dorsey teed off the name band policy resumed at the Hotel Syracuse with a big week which began Sept. 9 . . . Bobby Hackett's quartet replaced Max Kaminsky's group in Childs Paramount restaurant; Max was in the spot for 28 weeks and established a solid supper business for the low-priced beanery . . . Alex Allstone will be breaking in a new band, his first, when he opens the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room on Oct. 1.

The Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne band will make its first local location showing with a date at the Rustic Cabin opening Nov. 4 . . . Charlie Barnett, after cutting 12 sides for Norman Granz in New York, took off for two weeks of dates at Air Force bases in Newfoundland . . . Shorty Sherock, trumpet with Jimmy Dorsey for the past three years, cut out to form his own band in California . . . Royce Goodrich, new baritone, signed with King Records and did his first date with Joe Lipman's studio orch . . . Johnnie Ray, drummer with Joe Bruce's combo at the Orchid Restaurant in Jackson Heights, Long Island, wants it known that he's not the same Johnnie Ray who was picked up on drunkenness charges in Boston and Minneapolis recently.

CHICAGO

Patti Page's *I Went to Your Wedding* jumped to the top-selling record in the Windy City exactly 10 days after it was released . . . Vet Dixie pianist Art Hodes is back at Rupnek's with his band . . . Another in a succession of impressive local singers to emerge is Audrey Morris, playing piano and singing at the Copa, same spot from which Jeri Southern stepped out into the big leagues.

Herbie Fields, with an eight-piece, and Buddy Greco follow the current Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne bill at the Blue Note . . . Billy Daniels had a good week at the Chicago theater . . . JATP hits here on Oct. 12 at the Civic Opera . . . The Ronalds Brothers, comedy trio, breaking up furniture and houses at the Cairo, where they had another option picked up.

HOLLYWOOD

Al Haig, pianist with Dizzy on some of the latter's great Guild discs of the '40s, was assembling a new trio here at deadline. Was set to follow Red Norvo at The Haig Sept. 4 . . . The Haig's Tuesday night sessions, recently vacated by Gerry Mulligan, who took his new no-piano combo north for a stand in San Francisco, now feature tenor man Wardell Gray assisted by Joe Mondragon, bass; Jimmy Pratt, drums; Marty Paich, piano.

Stan Getz in town for a date at the Tiffany, sharing stand with Anita O'Day. Getz working with a rhythm section comprised of local men . . . Jack Teagarden's All-Stars now on a seven-nights-a-week schedule at the Royal Room, and attempting to comply with Local 47's six-nite rule by having at least one sub in the lineup every night (and no one is happy with the set-up).

NEW ORLEANS

The annual New Orleans Jazz Club festival, slated for Sept. 28, is enjoying its largest advance sale ever due to extremely good promotion and a good

bill; Sharkey Bonano, George Lewis, Paul Barbarin, and Johnny Wiggs will front the bands. Lizzie Miles will sing . . . Hal McIntyre, fronting his best band yet, did great business at the Hotel Roosevelt's Blue Room . . . Russ Morgan followed . . . Christine Martin, finest singer in this area in selling a quality ballad, has given notice at the Brass Rail to open her own club. Pianist Freddy Crane will continue with Christine.

SAN FRANCISCO

The Woody Herman concert with Dinah Washington at the Oakland Auditorium Arena Oct. 12 is causing more talk than anything of its kind around here in ages. The Herman Mars discs are being played locally by jocks who never play anything any more frantic than Art Mooney and the addition of Dinah Washington has insured a large draw from the heavy Bay Area Negro population . . . Dick Bock in town with the Gerry Mulligan group for a fast week at the Black Hawk. They were followed by the Red Norvo Trio . . . Otto Cesana, who was raised in San Francisco and whose mother still lives here, spent 10 days in town in August hustling his Columbia LP.

BOSTON

Lennie Tristano followed Billie Holiday into Storyville for a week starting Sept. 12. Erroll Garner's trio is set for the 19th . . . The Wild Bill Davison band opened to good business at the Savoy on Aug. 29. It included Eddie Phylie, drums; Ephy Resnick, trombone; Joe Barry (better known to initiates as Joe Barifaldi), clarinet; Charlie Fraeger, bass; Dean Dewberry, piano.

The *One Night Front*: Jimmy Dorsey covered the territory in late August, followed a week later by his brother . . . Vaughn Monroe has been touring extensively prior to opening at his mansion, The Meadows, in Framingham . . . Young Cindy Lord hit Hampton Beach, among other one-nighters, with Ted Herbert's band . . . The Shore Gardens at Nantasket didn't make it as a big band stopover.

MONTREAL

Yvonne Lenauze, ex-Ellington singer now living in Montreal, airing weekly for CBC International Service with Neil Chotem, piano; Jack Kostenuck, bass, and Wilk Wilkinson, drums . . . Jazz Workshop concerts drawing capacity crowds to the Chez Paree; most recent Saturday afternoon sessions featured singers John Lands and Yolande Lisi, and groups headed by Butch Watanabe (ex-Hampton trombonist), Valdo Williams, Buzzie Bley, Art Roberts . . . Seville Theatre, following Billy Daniels' record-breaking stint, brought in Canada's Four Lads, and the Ink Spots.

LONDON

Ted Heath, Cyril Stapleton, Jack Parnell, Johnny Dankworth, Ray Ellington, Humphrey Lyttelton, Freddy Randall and Jimmy Walker will lead their bands at Britain's red letter event, the Jazz Jamboree . . . venue: London's 4,000-seater Kilburn State Theatre. Date: Oct. 12 . . . Music by U.S. songwriter Hugh Martin and singing by British singer Johnny Brandon will spark *Love From Judy*—a musical version of Daddy Long Legs—which will tour before an autumn opening in the West End . . . Harry Klein, young baritone and alto star, is to follow poll-winning tenorman Ronnie Scott on a tour of Iceland.

Lawrence Junks Tour: To CBS

New York—Elliot Lawrence has junked his projected concert tour in favor of a radio deal. He was due to start Sept. 15 on the early morning Jack Sterling show over CBS.

Program, which is part records and part live, features Elliot with a quartet. Mary Osborne, guitarist who has been leading her own trio around New York, will sing and play with the unit, which will be completed by two sidemen from the big Lawrence band, drummer Tiny Kahn and bassist Buddy Jones. Show is heard from 5:30 to 7:45 a.m. six days a week.

The projected joint tour by Lawrence and singer Don Cornell, which had been virtually set to start Sept. 25, was in abeyance at prestime with no substitute band set.



FABULOUS PABLO CASALS, the world's greatest cellist to many, is seen in this pic taken at the first Casals Musical Festival, held in 1950 at Prades, recordings of which were released last year on Columbia. Also seen are violinist Alexander Schneider and flutist John Wummer. Records of the second festival, held in 1951 at Perpignan, have just been released on 12 Columbia LPs.

You Can't Flute All The Fipples All Of The Time!

By ROB DARRELL

As never fails to happen just before Press Day, an expected big batch of new releases failed to arrive by my own RR (for 'ritin' reviews) hour... But while I was casting around for an interim subject (my phonograph momentarily silenced), I got my answer from a leather-lunged truckmen's helper in the street below. Guiding the parking of a block-long truck (as well as me), he kept yelling encouragingly, "Come on back!... Come on back!"

So I'll come on back too... In this case to a double-barreled comparison I've been hankering to make anyway: between a performance of the *Fourth Brandenburg Concerto*, featuring the original scoring for two recorders (or Flutes à Bec, Straight Flutes, Fipple Flutes, Blockflute, or whatever you wanta call 'em!), and one using the familiar "transverse" flutes normally heard today... also between two LPs of the same recorder version by the London Baroque Ensemble (Carl Dolmetsch and Edgar Hunt, recorder soloists) under Karl Haas, one of Westminster WL 5067, released over a year ago, and the others on the recently released Westminster WL 5113.

Same Performance

The latter comparison revealed no substantial differences: apparently it is the same performance on both discs, and if (as claimed) some technical improvements have been made in the "processing," they certainly aren't significant as far as the ordinary listener is concerned—both discs are excellently recorded.

The real fun begins when you start spot-checking back and forth between either of the Haas recorder versions and the best of the flute versions, that by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra (André Pepin and Alphonse Roy, flutists) under Carl Muenchinger, on London LL 144. This is one of the most fascinating and illuminating experiments in comparative listening you, I, or anyone can make! For both works have superb, authentic Bachian spirit, each is tremendously exciting in its own way, and yet they differ widely and markedly—not only in tonal coloring, but also in tempos, phrasing, and many other more subtle respects.

Prime Distinction

Of course it is the peculiar "hollow," almost cadaverous, yet always intriguing coloring of the recorders (as contrasted with the more mellow, gleaming tones of the flutes) that provides the prime distinction between the two versions. But in addition, the Haas edition is played by a group of solo strings and the harpsichord part stands out more prominently, while Muenchinger (although his group is still very small by normal orchestral measurements) obtains more of a "massed" string quality, in which the "continuo" part on the harpsichord is blended less conspicuously.

Then, too, Haas has more obvious energy, often expressed in a brusque kind of jogging exuberance, while Muenchinger commands a more elastic rhythmic vitality, a lighter, defter touch, and much more phrasing finesse.

Take Your Choice

As for which of these lumped characteristics makes for a "better" performance of the *Fourth Brandenburg*, you pays your money and you takes your choice... or you might just as well flip a coin... Personally, I still feel that the Muenchinger reading is just a shade more electrifying and communicative, but Haas is nearly as satisfactory all round and has the additional appeal of the singular recorded tonal qualities. Here, surely, is one time when it's almost absolutely necessary (for a true Bachian, at least) to own, keep replaying, and cherish both versions!

Blow High, Blow Low

Overdone on Westminster WL 5113 we have an additional problem, for the coupling is Bach's *Fifth Brandenburg* (featuring solo trumpet, violin, oboe and recorder parts), so again we have to make a comparison with Muenchinger's version (this one on London LS 226)... Here, however, the recorder (probably played by Carl Dolmetsch) has a relatively insignificant role, so the contrast with André Pepin's fluting is less marked than that between the paired recorders and flutes in the *Fourth Brandenburg* (although again Pepin proves to be the more polished player). In the *Fifth* it's the trumpet that's outstanding and Muenchinger's Paolo Longinotti, superbly mastering the "impossibly" high "clarino" part has it all over the unnamed Haas trumpeter, who plays it safe by transposing the high part down an octave—and so deprives the work of its most striking and characteristic brilliance.

He's Unbeatable

Then, too, for all Haas's rhythmic energy and punch, Muenchinger just can't be beat here for resiliency, fluidity and drive. Add the blazing lambency of the true high trumpet—and the first choice is Muenchinger in a walk.

But, since I can't get along with—
(Turn to Page 16)

CLASSICS IN CAPSULE

Current disc and album releases with ratings and once-over-lightly commentary by classic specialist, R. D. Darrell. LP's only are listed. The ratings (separate for musical performances and technical recording quality) are ***** Excellent, **** Very Good, *** Good, ** Fair, * Poor.

STANDARD WARHORSES

DISC DATA	RATINGS	COMMENTS
SCHUMANN: Carnival, Op. 9 & Fantaisie, Op. 17. Alexander Brailowsky, piano. RCA VICTOR LM 9003, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Ales, as usual, works like a dog, but all his earnest intensity don't bring conviction to the mighty Fantasy—where he lacks the unrestrained passion of Firkusny's Columbia edition. He's shy in both humor and romantic appeal in the more familiar Carnival and so doesn't even come close to the memorable Rachmaninoff and Arrau versions. However, he does play here with warmer tonal quality than usual, thanks in part to the fine, open recording.
SCHUMANN: Kinderszenen, Op. 15 & BRAHMS: Intermezzo, Op. 117. Glöckling, piano. COLUMBIA 4540, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Caser Glöckling's sensational batch of new releases (Beat, Aug. 13) included just one nonentity—or else I have a blind spot for the music here. Although Walter plays beautifully in the Scenes of Childhood, he certainly is (as the title of one piece has it) "almost too serious." And the 3 Intermezzos practically gag me with their sloppy, solemn sentimentality!
SIBELIUS: Violin Concerto. Camilla Wicks & Stockholm Radio Sym.—Sixten Ehrling. CAPITOL PB175, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Compared with the travesty-edition from Stradivari (Beat-reviewed 28 August), this version sounds like a million dollars! It's probably not that good, for the 1936 Heifetz-Bachman 78's set a dramatic standard hard to beat for this "symphony with violin obbligato." At any rate, this is an appealingly sonful and excitingly surging performance, richly recorded. And young Miss Wicks (American-born, by the way) is definitely a fiddler to be watched...
SIBELIUS: 1st Symphony. London Symphony Orch.—Anthony Collins. LONDON LL574, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Collins, usually heard in light or ballet music, is an odd choice for the single-heart-out Sibelius of the first Symphony... He obviously loves the work, but for all his emotionalism he tends to lose its broad sweep in his fussiness over details. As I remember the Stokowski RCA Victor edition of 1931, it was a more carefully dramatic job, even if technically edged out here by super-recording, especially of the kettle-drumming. Except for rather piercing string tones, this would have a five star rating for recording...
VIOLIN ENCORES. Zino Francescatti, with Artur Balsam, piano. COLUMBIA ML4534, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ One of the best contemporary fiddlers, Zino also is more enterprising than most in his choice of "amateurs." Apart from the perhaps inevitable Thais Medtation, the Kreisler arrangements and compositions "in the style of..." are not all the most hackneyed ones, and the recital is spiced by a Poulenc Presto, Velle Preludio, Villa-Lobos Song of the Black Swan, and the Chabrier-Buskin Marche joyeuse... all played with bold, deft assurance.
RENATA TERALDI: Arias from Bohème, Andrea Chénier & La Wally, with anon. orch. DECCA DL 4005, 10".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Touted as part of a Deutsche Grammophon—Decca "Archive" series, this has debbed in London LL 142 of 1950, a magnificent record, and she's almost as good here, especially in La Mamma Mortis from "Andrea Chénier" & the Romanza from "La Wally." She has a powerful yet pure & attractive voice and a keen sense of dramatic style, but is rather sloppily accompanied on this disc.

NOVEL SLANTS

STRAVINSKY: Suites 1 & 2; HINDEMITH: Kammermusik No. 1. Little Orch. Soc.—Scherman. DECCA DL 7529, 10".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ If you've ever played piano duets, you're probably relieved Stravinsky's <i>Easy Pieces</i> , in which one partner uses only five fingers. Arr. by the composer, they became the present excuse for small orch. and still remain great fun—particular No. 2 with its Petrouschka-like Valse and Polka, and rambunctious final Galop. Overide is a bit of early Hindemith, himself in perky Stravinskian mood, but more frantic and brittle than the Master, except perhaps in an odd 3rd mvt. for flute, clarinet, bassoon and glockenspiel.
TANANIAN: Triptych & V. WILLIAMS D min. VI. Concerto. Zimmler-Sinfonietta (Joseph Fuchs, vl. soloist). DECCA DL 9623, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Certain experiments made on 78s should've stood in bed! Among them, this Tananian Triptych for strings—nothing but pseudo-modern drive and bogus sentiment... Vaughan Williams' <i>Concerto Academicum</i> is nearly as dull, but its "busy-ness" has at least considerable more musical sense and even a moment or two of actual sparkle. Zimmler's fine group, with Joe Fuchs strutting in the concerto, play in their familiar skillful fashion and they are well enough recorded, but the music can't match the disc-envelope for attractiveness...
TRAVIS: Symphonie Allegro & COUPERIN: La Sultane. N.Y. Phil. Sym.—Mitropoulos. COLUMBIA AAL 16, 10".	★★ Performance ★★ Recording	▲ Roy Elithu Travis' Allegro may have won the seventh Gerda Win Memorial award, but George is likely to thrash in his grave, for it has only labored energy and no humor or real life at all... Overide, Dimitri sways a rough for a heavily sentimental hand in making the noble Overture & Allegro of Couperin sound as if Milhaud's orchestration was one of Stokely's poorer Bach efforts.

RARE VINTAGES

BACH: "Sei gerasen!" & "Von Himmel hoch" Variations. Helmut Walcha, organ. DECCA DL 9615, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ A nice little "find" in Decca's low-cost 4000 series... It contains the appropriate authentically all right, but also some of the museum dust too often associated with archaic Walcha just plods through Bach's dull (for once!) "Greetings" variations (St. Jakob's organ at Luebeck), but at least introduces some piquant registrations in the much more appealing canonic variations on the famous "Von Himmel hoch" tune (Schneider organ at Cappel).
BEETHOVEN: "Kreutzer" Sonata. Max Rostal, violin & Frans Osborn, piano. LONDON LL575, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Except for the mildly pleasant early ones, B's fiddle sonatas leave me cold—and I don't mean they're cool! Most boring of all is the famous <i>Kreutzer</i> —mainly because Tolstoy once wrote about it at great length (and completely inaccurately)... So while Rostal and Osborn play very carefully, I can scarcely hear them out. Probably the Francoeur-Casadeaux and Helfetz-Moisevitch LP's are more polished, but I'm certainly not going to the trouble of finding out: one <i>Kreutzer</i> is one too many for me!
BRAHMS: 14 Songs. Alice Howland, mezzo-soprano, & Paul Ulanovsky, piano. STRADIVARI, 610, 12".	★★ Performance ★★ Recording	▲ Miss Howland (who's actually more of an alto than a mezzo, by the way) obviously just loves both singing in general and Brahms Lieder in particular, but unhappily she still hasn't quite outgrown the school-girlish "swoosh" stage... For all their earnest expressiveness, her performances have a tentative air and lack both drama and personality projection.
BRHAMS: Quartets Op. 51, No. 2 & Op. 67. Curtis String Quartet. WESTMINSTER WL5152, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Here, for once, what usually strikes me as pretty sterile music actually comes to compelling life even for me, thanks to powerfully sympathetic and evocative performances and perhaps even more to the rich tonal textures with which the Curtis Four's sonorous playing is captured and reproduced. This goes to shame the strained, dry edition of the A minor work by the Hollywood Quartet (Beat-reviewed June 4) and indeed must rank at the top of the Brahms quartet LP-discography... I still don't really like the music, but when it's played and recorded like this, I gotta listen with genuine respect.
HANDEL: Double Concertos in F & D flat. Copenhagen Orch.—Larsen Frilsholm. HAYDN SOC. 1049, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ The music here is the 3-star item. These celebrated, but too rarely heard, works actually are triple concertos, for there is an all-string group in addition to the antiphonal wind bands—2 oboes, 2 horns and bassoon in the F major work... 2 oboes and 2 bassoons in the other. They are played and recorded warmly, if somewhat routinely, but the music is glorious! Many of the movements are Handel's own re-orchestrations of choruses, etc., that originally appeared in his operas or oratorios, and which obviously were special favorites both of himself and his contemporary public. Certainly this is Handel at his sonful, boldly driving best—with the best of tonal red meat for appetizing nourishment!
MOZART: Serenade, K. 361, for 13 Wind Instrs. Vienna Sym.—Rudolf Moralt. VOX PL 7470, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ This probably is the first really complete photo-edition of the seven-movement Serenade for oboes, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and strings (all in pairs), plus four French horn & double-bassoon—wind-instrument-fanfare's delight for its spiky tone qualities and everybody's joy for its piquant series of breezy, pastoral music-dramas. The Viennese players aren't as polished as the Bostonians in RCA Victor LM 1077 (originally 1949 78s), but they have more Mozartian feeling than Koussevitzky—and unlike him they don't skip.
MOZART: Sonatas K.35, K.305 & K.377. W. Barylli, violin & Badura-Skoda, piano. WESTMINSTER WL5145, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ This is the third in a series begun earlier this year with Westminster WL5109 (Sonatas K. 379 and K. 454) and WL5130 (K. 269, K. 301 and K. 304)—Beat-reviewed 30 July)... And again Barylli and Badura-Skoda 377 work), and pellucidly recorded.
SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 5 & 17 German Dances. Vienna Sym.—Rudolf Moralt. VOX PL 7280, 12".	★★★★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ Writing the "liner" notes for this release hardly can have prejudiced me in its favor, for I hadn't heard it when I wrote and now that I have I'm encouraged to find that it doesn't do its fine music justice. The verdantly appealing 5th Symphony (a musical jewel!) is done neatly enough, but quite routinely and little of the verve and grace of the German Dances (identities & arranger unspecified) seep through into Moralt's careless performances.
SCHUMANN: Diabelli's, Op. 48. Pierre Bernac, bar. & R. Casadeaux, piano. COLUMBIA ML 2210, 10".	★ Performance ★★★★ Recording	▲ It's sad so fine an artist as Bernac should tackle this, for he succeeds only in winning scallions for perhaps the worst of many ineffectual "Diabelli's" recordings. His voice is pretty well shot, which in itself would be fatal here, but besides that he over-emotionalizes even worse than Souzay.

Instruments On LP—5

Woodwinds—With Some Extra Added Attractions

Continuing last issue's installment devoted to woodwind (and French horn) ensembles, we now have another batch of the same, except that here the three or more winds are augmented by other types of instruments—usually strings

or a piano, but sometimes by brass and/or percussion. Occasionally, indeed, we verge closely on the chamber, if not symphonic, orchestral category, but in all cases there is considerable prominence given to the woodwinds themselves.

While there aren't any concertos here in the strict sense of the word, the close equivalent in the "Sinfonia Concertante" or some types of "Concerti Grossi" where several soloists (rather than one), or even one or two "choirs," are featured . . . J. C. Bach's *Sinfonia* in E flat, Op. 18, No. 1, for double orchestra (one featuring oboes, horns and bassoons with strings, the other

two flutes and strings), Cincinnati Symphony under Thor Johnson, London LL 405 . . . Boccherini's *Sinfonia Concertante* (starring Sidney Sutcliffe, oboe; Cecil James, bassoon; Edward Chapman, horn), London Baroque Ensemble under Karl Haas, Westminster WL 5077 . . . Handel's *Concertos a Due Cori* (two wind choirs with strings), Copenhagen Collegium Musicum under Lavar Friisholm, Haydn Society HSLP 1049 (Beat-reviewed elsewhere in this issue).

Frank Martin's *Concerto for Seven Winds, Percussion and Strings* (the exact scoring isn't given on

the disc-envelope notes), Winterthur Symphony under Desarzens, Concert Hall CHS 1109 . . . Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* in E flat, K. Anh. 9 or New K. 297b, starring oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, by the Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group (the soloists aren't named), Westminster WL 5020; also by the Pro Musica Orchestra under Reinhardt (soloists: Fritz Fischer, Ernst Flakus, Hugo Gehring, Gerhard Goerner), Vox PL 7320; and also by the Austrian Symphony (soloists unnamed) under Woess, Remington 199-54 (and of course in various 78 rpm versions) . . . Karl Stamitz's *Sinfonia Concertante* in F major, starring flute, oboe, clarinet and two horns (soloists unnamed), Vienna Symphony under Swoboda, Westminster WL 5017 . . .

Woodwind Concertos

Berg's *Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano and 13 Wind Instruments* (piccolo, flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, E flat clarinet, bass clarinet, bassoon, double bassoon, two horns, trumpet and trombone), Paris Chamber Orchestra under Leibowitz, Dial 9 . . . Paul Bowles' *Concerto for Two Pianos, Winds,*

and Percussion, Gold and Fildale (with Mitch Miller, oboe; Reggie Kell, clarinet, L. Schaller, bass clarinet) under Saldenberg, Columbia ML 2128 . . . Manuel de Falla's *Harpsichord Concerto*, Ralph Kirkpatrick and Schneider Ensemble (Miller, oboe; Samuel Baron, flute; Harold Freeman, clarinet), Mercury MG 10012 . . . Janacek's *Concerto for Piano, Strings and Winds*, Rudolf Firkušný and Ensemble (scoring and players unspecified), Concert Hall CHS 1076.

Woodwinds & Strings

Next a batch of chamber (some perhaps chamber orchestra) works, which include strings or other instruments as well as woodwinds: The Vuataz arrangements of Bach's *Art of Fugue and Musical Offering* conducted by Scherchen in London LLPA 2 and Westminster WL 5070, respectively, include some sections for combined winds and strings, and in the later discs the wind players are Wanaussek, flute; Wachter, oboe; Noblinger, English horn; and Killinger, bassoon . . . Beethoven's *Septet* in E flat, Op. 20 (clarinet, bassoon and horn with strings), Pro Musica Group, Vox PL 6460.

Boccherini's *Sextet* in E flat, Op. 41 (oboe, bassoon and horn with strings), London Baroque Ensemble (featuring Sutcliffe, Chapman and James) under Haas, Westminster WL 5077 . . . Francaix's *Serenade* (flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, horn with trumpet, trombone and strings), Hamburg Chamber Orchestra under Hochum, Capitol L 8051 . . . Haydn's *Divertimento* in C (flute, oboe, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, with strings), London Baroque Ensemble (featuring Adney, Sutcliffe, Thurston & Lear, Chapman & Currie), under Haas, Westminster WL 5080 . . . Kreutzer's *Grand Septet* in E flat, Op. 62, for clarinet, bassoon and horn with strings, Vienna Octet members (featuring A. Bosovsky, Hanzl and Veleba), London LL 420. Mozart's *Serenades* require a paragraph for themselves. Mostly they are written for two oboes (or flutes), one or two bassoon with two trumpets and strings, as in No. 5 in D, K. 204, Vienna Symphony members under Swoboda, Westminster WL 5005 . . . No. 7 in D ("Haffner"), K. 250, Bamberg Symphony under Keilberth, Mercury MG 10017, also by Vienna Symphony members under Krauss, Vox PL 6850 . . . and the "Post-horn" *Serenade* No. 9, Suisse Romande Orchestra under Maag, London LL 502 (Beat-reviewed June 4), also by Vienna State Opera Orchestra members under Sternberg, Haydn Society HSLP 1012 . . .

Then Schubert's *Octet* in F, Op. 166, for clarinet, bassoon, horn with strings, by Wlach, Oehlberger and Von Freilberg with Vienna Konzerthaus Ensemble, Westminster WL 5094; by the Vienna Symphony Octet, Vox PL 6970; also by Duques, Knitzer and De Rosa with the Stradivari Chamber Society, Stradivari 603 . . . the Spohr *Grand Nonet* in F, Op. 31, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, with strings, by Bennett, Schulman, Weber, Carmen, Klein, et al., Stradivari 609 (Beat-reviewed elsewhere in this issue) . . . Swanson's *Night Music* for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn and strings, N.Y. Ensemble (featuring Caratelli, A. Golter, Weber, H. Goltzer and Ratner) under Mitropoulos, Decca DL 8511 . . . Villa-Lobos' *Choros* No. 7 (flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, saxophone, violin, cello and tam-tam), Janssen Ensemble featuring Lewis, Gassman, Bloch Moritz and Kretcher, et al., Capitol P8147 . . . and Alec Wilder's *Slow Dance and Theme and Variations*, Wilder Octet (featuring Miller, oboe and English horn; Julius Baker, flute; Harold Goltzer, bassoon) with the Columbia String Orchestra under Frank Sinatra, Columbia ML 4271 . . .

Woodwinds & Piano

Chamber works featuring wind instruments along with the piano (and sometimes strings) include: Beethoven's *Quintet* in E flat, Op. 16, by Etienne Baudo, oboe; Henri Druart, clarinet; Maurice Allard, bassoon; Gilbert Coursier, horn; with Orazio Frugoni, piano, Vox PL 6040 . . . Hummel's *Septet* in D minor, Op. 74, by Camillo Wanaussek, flute; Rudolph Spurny, oboe; Franz Koch, horn; with piano and strings, Westminster WL 5018 . . . Milhaud's *Sonata* 1918, by Samuel Baron, flute; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Wallace Shapiro, clarinet; and Milton Kaye, piano, Elaine EMS 6 . . . Mozart's *Quintet* in E flat, K. 542, by Pierre Perlot, oboe; Ulysse Delecluse, clarinet; Jean Devemy, horn; Maurice Allard, bassoon; and Yvette Grimaud, piano, Mercury MG 10031; also by unspecified members of the Vienna Wind Group, Westminster WL 5007; (also various older 78 rpm sets) . . . Poulenc's *Sextet*, by Harold Bennett, flute; Harry Shulman, oboe; David Weber, clarinet; Leonard Sharrow, bassoon; Fred Klein, horn; with Charles Rosen, piano, REB 7 . . . and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Quintet* in B flat, by Hans Reenizek, flute; Leopold Wlach, clarinet; Karl Oehlberger, bassoon; Gottfried Von Freiberg, horn; with Roland Raupenstrauch, piano, Westminster WL 5019 . . .

Woodwinds & Brass

For real oddities, there are four blithe Haydn *Marches* for clarinets, (Turn to Page 16)



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Shearing Mulling Plans To Revitalize Quintet

By NAT HENTOFF

Boston—"I know," said George Shearing, "that I could use a change of formula, but I don't intend to be scared into adopting change just for the sake of change."

Shearing had interrupted his vacation to take a three-day date at Storyville in East Gloucester in the middle of August and it was there that he discussed his present plans and problems.

"I'm aware," he continued, "that *Simplicity* and *Five O'Clock Whistle* have done better than most of the recent records because they were somewhat different. But bookings are still good; we still draw capacity crowds, so there's no panic."

"It's a difficult problem," Shearing said slowly. "There is the danger that you can cater to the general audience too long and so become sterile. There is the other danger that you can become so advanced that no one will come to hear you. I've always believed it possible to play the requests and still slip a new number in once in a while."

Some New Ideas

Shearing does have some plans for experiments in his recordings. He has an elaborate sound system in his home and has been working with the idea of taping multiple quintet sides. He also has plans for recording with strings and woodwinds.

And a forthcoming MGM album, as revealed in the Sept. 10 *Beat*, will feature Shearing as a classical soloist. "I'm going to record *Claire de Lune*, Debussy's *Arabesque*, *Number One*, Cyril Scott's *Lotus Land*, some compositions by an English musician and friend of mine, Alfred Hickman, and some originals."

"The originals are six miniatures that I originally wrote for my wife to encourage her to return to the piano. They include a cradle song, gavotte, romance, a two-part invention according to the rules, a waltz and a study in octaves for the left hand."

He's Cautious

Shearing has received an invitation to perform the Schumann A minor piano concerto with a major symphony orchestra in December, but he won't accept unless he finds the time to master the score.

"The first part of my vacation I memorized 250 bars out of 871, and that using an antiquated Braille score. Whether I'll have the time to do the rest even with a better copy, I don't know. I certainly will do this right or not at all."

A major part in Shearing's fu-

ture plans will be taken by vocalist Teddy King, who recently cut four sides with the quintet. "She's really an amazing musician," Shearing said, "and one with a lot of poise. That record session lasted three hours and she didn't make a single fluff, though we committed several. She's going to appear with us more and more frequently."

They Know What's Best

As a high-fidelity addict, Shearing is aesthetically not too happy with the leveling off of highs on his records. "But," he pointed out with characteristic business sense, "I'm told by the company that that juke box sound is important for sales. MGM has been very cooperative

and if I insisted, I could have a recording sound that would please the hi-fis. But I figure MGM knows what it's doing."

Shearing continues to be much impressed with the advances of Brubeck and Tristano, both of whom he regards as setting the criteria for what the jazz of the future will be. "It has become difficult," he said "to discuss them objectively because the stand you take on either or both seems to be so emotional a thing with so many people. All I'll say is that both have extremely constructive minds and imaginations, particularly in the way they create lines for ensembles."

Jimmy Ryan Sounds A Blue Note In NYC

New York—Jimmy Ryan, noted 52nd Street night club owner, opened a new spot here Sept. 6, the Blue Note, at 227 W. 46th street, former site of the defunct Habibi club.

Billy Butterfield was set to open the spot with a combo including Ernie Caceres. Pianist Frankie Froeba, now on staff at WNEW, will spell the Butterfielders.



MEETING IN SWEDEN in this picture are two famous American vocal groups, the Deep River Boys (standing) and the Delta Rhythm Boys, whose paths crossed in the town of Gävle. Deeps, long established favorites with European audiences, opened Aug. 4 at the London Palladium. Delas, in addition to their continental touring, have been stopping long enough to slice records in Swedish, Finnish, Italian and French.

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Video Dance Party Deserves Quick Return To Airwaves

New York—The NBC *Saturday Night Dance Party* went off the air just before Labor Day. If it didn't expire in a blaze of glory, at least it can be said that it had made impressive steps during its regrettably brief tenure as a summer replacement show.

In fact, the *Dance Party* had developed from a 30-minute monstrosity into a 90-minute musical. Having tripled its original length without tripling the quantity of extraneous matter, it had actually become a medium for the presentation and exploitation, under favorable conditions, of an impressive string of large and small instrumental outfits.

Most Impressive

Perhaps the most impressive show during the final few weeks was Lionel Hampton's. The band's instrumental numbers and the appearances by Maxine Sullivan and the Calypso Teen Aces group were all impressive.

Ralph Flanagan, Tony Pastor and Johnny Long all acquitted themselves creditably, too. And every week, in addition to the big

band, there would be Muggsy Spanier's combo or the Shearing Quintet or Slim Gaillard's new outfit, making an appearance in each half-hour segment.

Enterprising Ventures

There were such enterprising ventures as the reunion of Jimmy Dorsey's band with his two former vocal stars, Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly—engineered, we suspect, by George Simon, whose hip hand was detectable in many of the show's better moments.

Altogether, there were far more plus than minus moments, and the latter could be attributed largely to the presence of Jerry Lester as emcee. His work consisted mainly of laughing impishly at his own humor and saying "Wonderful!"



THIS FAMOUS THREESOME was reunited for the TV Dance Party: Jimmy Dorsey and his ex-vocalists Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly.

three times after each act. Half his jokes seemed to be concerned with the failure of the other half to get laughs.

Given less Lester and a continuation of the greatly improved presentation of the music, this show could and should build into a permanently valuable showcase for music on television. It's too bad that just as it had hit its stride it had to go off the air. Another spot should be found for it as soon as possible.

—len

Opening Delayed At H'wd Statler

Hollywood—The Statler Hotel's opening here has been set back from mid-September to mid-October because of some last minute construction difficulties. The change in opening stirred some talk that Xavier Cugat would lose the prize booking. But these reports have been roundly denied by MCA brass, who will collect the commissions for the date.

MCA, incidentally, is well set in the new Statler room with Dorothy Shay, Hildegard and Victor Borge among those slated to follow Cugie.

Beneke Band Jumps While MGM Platters Gather Dust

By TED HALLOCK

Portland, Oregon—Tex Beneke wants out, of MGM that is.

"The sooner the better," says Texas, relating a sad tale of no promotion, no record sales, and just plain no concern over

his band's potential and future. This is news from an essentially quiet-tempered guy, with bad words for practically nobody, at least publicly.

Discussing the unreleased MGM sides he had, and what tunes, Tex surmised: "I really don't know. It may be six or eight, or more. Frankly it's been so long since we cut them I've forgotten what they are. They are just not pushing my records. It would be good to walk into a coffee shop sometime and see a Beneke record on the jukebox. Between Portland and Salt Lake City I didn't find one. Just Anthony, Anthony, Anthony."

No Push

"It's nothing personal. I like the MGM people; they are very nice with money and arranging recording dates, studios, etc., but there's

no push. If a picture comes out with a few of my tunes in it, then out come the records. Otherwise, nothing. I want to go with a smaller company, like Les Brown's deal with Coral. I want some firm that will get out in the dust and shove my discs. I won't go back with Victor. I don't care for them."

Since a dearth of news has surrounded Tex recently, you might not know it, but Beneke's band is jumping. The Miller influence is definitely diminishing. Beneke has new arrangers and sidemen. He plays Glenn's tunes mostly in medleys of six to eight ditties, only when requested, "to get them out of the way." Because his original Miller library was confiscated by Don Haynes, he's playing most Miller originals from 75-cent stocks, which "are note for note the things Glenn played."

Says It's The Best

Tex calls his current band "the best in seven years," and it sounds like it. When people criticize the transition from clarinet-led reeds to swing he steadfastly maintains: "The fallacy is that Glenn would have stood still. He wouldn't have. He would have been the most progressive bandleader today, except that people would always be able to understand what he was doing. We play with a semblance of the Miller idea on slow things and with definitely forward-looking ideas on up-tempo."

A few months ago, while in Philadelphia, Beneke received two scores from a Birmingham, Alabama youth, Marion Evans. When he got around to trying them, in the midwest, Tex was so impressed that he wired Evans to "write all he could." The band now has 12 Evans scores and Tex says they'll use all they can get.

Happy With His Men

Tex Beneke is still a very easy guy to make it with. He covered five disc jockeys in two hours, patiently re-told his life story five times (how he fought "the battle of Norman, Oklahoma" during the war). He's happy with his sidemen, most of them unknowns. His *S'Wonderful* and *Wedding Of The Painted Doll* are selling well.

Beneke did have one other gripe, against bus companies who charter their vehicles to dance bands. "They ask a 1000-mile guarantee per week, at 50 cents a mile. If we played a week in one city it would cost us about \$500 a week to keep the bus parked back of the ballroom. So we finally bought our own bus in July."

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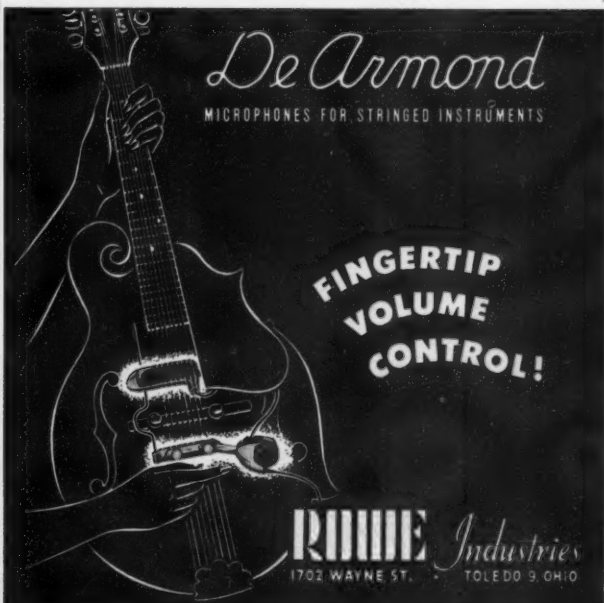
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Terry Gilkyson's Unique Career: From Society Lad To Cowboy To Hit Writer

By HAL WEBMAN

Someday they'll make a movie based on the life of Terry Gilkyson. His story already has taken ideal shape for a typical Hollywood production—member of the "400," cafe society scion, throws the whole thing over for a guitar and the wide open spaces, becomes a folk singer, a great song-writer, and much to his own chagrin, finds himself making all kinds of money all over again.

That's the story in a nutshell. Of course, there are plenty of sundry details. Like how Gilkyson found that among folk singers there is an unwritten law—one folk singer's repertoire is exclusive to that singer, though almost all of these songs are public domain, or are no longer subject to copyright restrictions. A second singer would not do the first singer's tunes without special permission or acknowledgement from the first singer.

He ran into a practice called song bartering. This actually involved trading songs or interpretations with other singers. "Call it honor among singers, if you will," says Terry.

"Goose" Hit High

It's possible that you may not have heard of Terry Gilkyson. It's quite unlikely that you haven't heard his songs. He first popped up on the scene noticeably in January, 1950, when Frankie Laine recorded a song of his called *The Cry Of The Wild Goose*. From then on there have been such ditties as *Gambella*, *Fast Freight*, *Christopher Columbus*, *The Girl In The Wood*, *The Day Of Jubilo*, and most recently, *Rock Of Gibraltar*. There have been 80 others, some adaptations of traditional folk airs, in the four years since Gilkyson was discovered.

In the Hollywood tradition, Gilkyson is a writer without a musical education. He writes his lyrics first, then frames a melody for his words, writes the melody down in a home-made short-hand number system, makes a demonstration record of the completed song, doesn't write a lead sheet. His publisher takes the song down off the demonstration; that's how they're able to publish his product.

High Society

Gilkyson, of course, also is a singer. He owns a Decca recording contract, but has not yet connected with a disc that has been able to shake loose. He recently made his first movie, *Slaughter Trail*, for which he wrote the score.

Gilkyson was born near Valley Forge in 1916 in a town called Mont Clare, Pa. His father owned and still does own an insurance company. His mother owned the local newspaper. And his name was

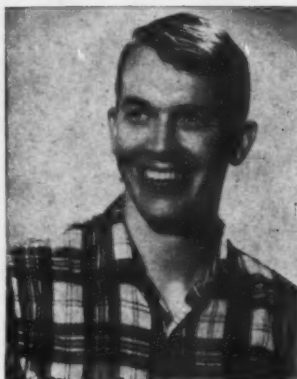
Hamilton Henry Gilkyson III. The family was high society, with branches extending into the arts, mostly poetry and painting.

Until 1938, Terry lived the swell life, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. In college, he got the wandering itch. And when he graduated he decided to become a cowboy. In 1938, Terry travelled to Tucson, Ariz., got a job on a dude ranch. While he was on this job, Gilkyson first was introduced to cowboy songs. And in the same year, he began to write his first songs, all of them cowboy songs.

The Trusty Guitar

After a year of roughing it, Gilkyson came back home to work for his father in the insurance business, presumably to settle down for life.

But the War spoiled his family's plans. Terry, a member of the cav-



Terry Gilkyson

alry of the Pennsylvania National Guard, went into the Army Air Corps in 1941 and remained in the service for five years. He took his trusty guitar with him wherever he went and claims "I learned a great lesson about folk song origins."

After his Army stint, Gilkyson wound up in California where he took his first vocal lessons. He married shortly afterwards a girl who served as a legal secretary at the

Nuremberg Trials.

Things didn't go well for Gilkyson on the Coast. Rather than return home and determined to make his mark musically, Gilkyson wound up selling water for a bottling company in Los Angeles. He sold door-to-door until Sept. 1948, when he and his songs somehow came to the attention of the American Music Company.

Still, nothing happened until a year later when Wally Brady joined this music publishing firm as professional manager. Brady became entranced with Gilkyson's writings and tried every stunt in the book to sell the songs, but failed. Brady's big pitch was *Wild Goose*. Bing Crosby turned the song down. Vaughn Monroe turned it down. Everyone turned it down.

Everyone but Mitch Miller, who

then was working for Mercury Records and had started some sort of trend with his whip-snapping production of *Mule Train* as rendered by Frankie Laine. *Goose* was intended as the follow-up, and, of course, the *Goose* did right well. Laine's record hit in January, 1950, and from that point the door opened for Gilkyson.

"Little King"

Gilkyson's song output has been as varied as the classification of "folk" could suggest. Those who know Gilkyson and his work are particularly enamored of a song called *Little King*, which in song circles is taboored as "uncommercial" but which is certainly one of the most touching ballads about children and God that has been produced in our time. The other

(Modulate to Page 17)

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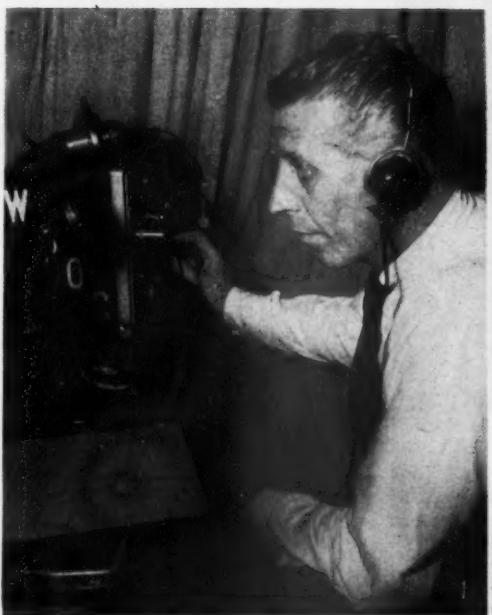
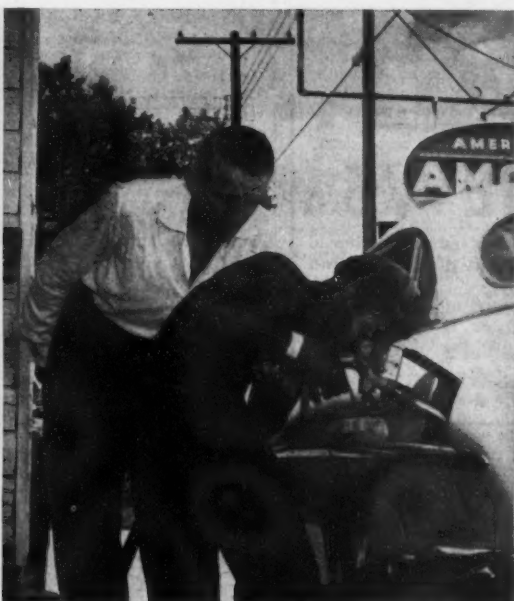
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Kenton Hits The Hot, Hot Road

A WARM WELCOME in the south was what Stan Kenton wanted, and he got it with a vengeance. It was 105 degrees when he left Raleigh, N.C. en route to Charlotte, where he played a one-nighter at the Armory. Pix taken by Gene Howard, former Kenton vocalist and arranger, now Stan's advance exploitation man, show a typical story of a band on the road. Top left, Stan checks out of hotel while road manager George Morte loads trunk to car; center, Stan stops for gas;

right, Stan, Morte and personal manager Bob Allison stop for watermelon. Second row, left: on the job, Bill Russo (r.) explains trombone part to newcomer Bob Burgess. Center, Stan interviewed by Kurt Webster of WBT, Charlotte. Bottom left, Stan checks balance prior to band's weekly NBC *Concert In Miniature* show. Above, the band in action: Conte Condoli stands up for solo. See page 2 for a review of Kenton's reorganized crew.

DOWN BEAT

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. Records in the jazz section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections of interest from the musical standpoint are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Ratings

★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

POPULAR

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting a double sharp (##).

Ray Anthony

- ★★★ *Randle's Island*
★★★ *Marilyn*

Randle, (dedicated, to deejay Bill Randle) is an easy-on-the-ears instrumental by George Williams, slightly reminiscent of *Sentimental Journey*. Pleasant muted horn work by Ray and a strong build-up finale. The Shirl-Drake *Marilyn*, despite the inspiration of La Belle Monroe that produced it, is not a world-shaking piece of material. It's adequately performed with Tommy Mercer and the Skyliners featured. (Capitol 2207.)

John Arcesi

- ★★ *Moonlight Brings Memories*
★★ *Wild Honey*

Arcesi, who will be best remembered when he was called Don D'Arcy, makes his Cap debut with a couple of a fairish cuttings. *Honey* is the stronger entry, a big ballad sung in a voice and style strongly reminiscent of Herb Jeffries. (Capitol 2206.)

Connie Boswell-Artie Shaw

- ★★★ *My Little Nest Of Heavenly Blue*
★★★ *Where There's Smoke There's Fire*

Credited to Franz Lehar and Sigmund Spaeth, *Blue* will be better known to many as *Frasquita Serenade*. As hit song material it doesn't stack up as a world-beater. Shaw, heading his Gramercy Five and actually lifting clarinet to lips again, backs up Connie's pleasant warbling fairly well. Connie sings well again on *Smoke*, but the torpid rhythm makes it a somewhat lifeless performance. (Decca 28377.)

June Christy

- ★★★ *Some Folks Do*
★★★ *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*

Jimmy McPhail's original version of *Some* indicated that there was a good piece of potential material here. The potential has been more fully realized in this version by June; in fact, it's one of her best efforts to date, musically and commercially. Pete Rugolo's backing is sensibly simple, and there's a good striding tenor solo. *Schoen* is good, too, except that she does nothing new with the over-familiar material. (Capitol 2199.)

Billy Daniels

- It's a Good Day
You Better Go Now
After You're Gone
Don't Take Your Love from Me
How Deep Is the Ocean
Day In, Day Out
If I Should Lose You
The Thrill Is Gone

Album rating: ★★★

Daniels comes across moderately well in this, his second album. At least some of the element that has made him such a firm star in night clubs has been captured on these records, though it would be impossible to get all of it. The songs he does here are all of the evergreen variety, all good tunes.

Sidekick Benny Payne joins Daniels for *After You're Gone* to inject a note of humor as well as spirit into the proceedings. The album probably was designed for the Daniels night club enthusiasts, and for this element, the set should prove representative, if not fully satisfying.

Russ Case's backgrounds don't get in the way, are restrained, tasty. (Mercury MG 25163.)

Doris Day

- ★★★ *Somebody Loves Me*
★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Things amounts to a coverage because of Peggy Lee's recording which lit up the tune anew. Doris sings it well and is backed up superlatively by a Les Brownish arrangement by ex-Brown man Frank Comstock. A dainty modern piano bit, possibly Brown's Geoff Clarkson, helps sustain the interlude between vocal refrains.

Somebody, being employed as a movie title for the coming Betty Hutton flicker, likewise is done with extreme good taste. A brief but handsome tenor bit, sounds like Dave Pell, shines in the instrumental break. A genuinely good musical pop with Doris in peak form! (Columbia 39200.)

Billy Eckstine

- ★★★★ *Because You're Mine*
★★★★ *Early Autumn*

Billy brings to light the attractiveness of *Mine* as a song, a rather attractive melody mated with an alliterative lyric. B. does a first rate job with it, but he has to buck a guy named Lanza on the song and will probably wind up playing second fiddle to Mario. *Autumn*, of course, is the Ralph Burns melody fitted with fine Johnny Mercer words; Billy tries a little too hard to make something of it, result is just another Eckstine record, nothing special. (MGM 11301.)

Percy Faith

- Jungle Fantasy*
Caribbean Night
Wow-Wow-Wow
Oye Negra
Jamaican Rumba
Minute Samba
Jack-Jack-Jack
Enlloro

Album rating: ★★★★★

Percy, who is long noted for his ability to do picturesque treatments of Latin-styled material, has some of his best work in this idiom to date in this collection. *Jamaican* has been issued singly, the other seven are only in the album.

The pitch is excitement, and the effect is successfully achieved throughout, despite a large-sized orchestra. In scoring the eight Latin standards, Percy left room here and there for solos—for hot flute on *Jungle*, muted trumpet here and brief piano bits there.

It's skillfully scored, skillfully executed Latin Americana of the concert variety, should draw plenty of spins on top of Percy's *Delicado*. (Columbia CL 6214.)

Bill Farrell

- ★ *Maria Mia*
★★ *A Sinner Kissed an Angel*

Farrell groans his way through a new Tin Pan Alley "Italian" ballad, then does an about face, but still groans, through *Sinner*, a fine torch song from the mid-forties. (MGM 11310.)

Ella Fitzgerald

- ★★★★★ *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*
★★★★★ *Trying*

Bonnie is a different sort of record, has a good deal of excitement stirred up mainly by a group of teenage percussionists. Ella handles the evergreen as a calypso novelty.

Trying, a Dot Records' hit, is sung with warmth and feeling by Ella, with adequate, if uninspired, support drawn from a small studio band and vocal group. (Decca 28375.)

Red Foley-Roberta Lee

- ★★★★ *Don't Believe Everything You Hear*
★★★ *I Gotta Have You*

This is actually a country record. But the material and performance are such that they could easily fall into the pop market. *Don't Believe* is an exceptionally clever boy-girl novelty, borrowed only lightly from the sextet from *Lucia*; *Gotta Have You* is an above average country blues.

Foley is one of the finest natural singers in the nation, has a tremendous sense of time and beat, and possesses a rich and resonant quality. Roberta is a jack-of-all-styles, holds down her end of the duet in standout fashion. Backing is typical country strings, mainly guitars. (Decca 28343.)

Dolores Gray

- ★★ *Say You'll Wait For Me*
★★★ *Crazy He Calls Me*

Good competent jobs on both songs by Dolores. *Wait* is an Italian import with new English lyrics. *Crazy* is a revival of a fine song that stirred a small amount of noise via a Billie Holiday recording about three years ago.

The latter is a first-rate ballad with more literate lines than is usually found in the average Tin Pan Alley product. (Decca 28336.)

Dick Haymes

- ★★★ *That's the Last Tear*
★★ *Tinsel and Gold*

Haymes breezes deftly through a Tin Pan Alley hillbilly bounce tune, *Tear*, and should do himself more good commercially than he's been able to do for some time. *Tinsel* is another phoney hillbilly that passes on the wisdom that it's just as easy to dream of gold as it is to dream about—guess what? It's a shame that Haymes' unquestionably fine talents remain submerged in such second rate material. (Decca 28361.)

Johnny Holiday

- ★★ *Over Somebody Else's Shoulder*
★★ *If We Should Never Meet Again*

Newcomer Holiday shows some good qualities on *Meet*. *Shoulder* is a passable slicing of a fairly routine tune. Denny Farnon furnished the tasty backgrounds. (Capitol 2201.)

Harry James-Toni Harper

- ★★★ *The Melancholy Trumpet*
★★★ *Goin' Home*

Young Miss Harper joins James on the *Trumpet* item, a pleasant trifle which does more for Harry than it does for the fine teen-age thrush. *Home* is a repetitious bluey item which builds a beat largely due to the excellent Ray Conniff arrangement. Harry blows a small amount of his usually rich adept, skillful horn, while Jud Conlan's Rhythmaires serve up the lyrics. (Columbia 39846.)

Al Martino

- ★★★★ *Say You'll Wait For Me*
★★★★ *I've Never Seen*

Hot balladeer Martino doesn't figure to get a smash hit out of this coupling, though *Wait* should pick up tidy acceptance among his quickly developed fan following. (Capitol 2185.)



FIRST DUET SESSION held by Coral vocalists Don Cornell and Teresa Brewer recently produced at least one side of unmistakable hit proportions, *You'll Never Get Away*, which earns the *Beat*'s five-star nod.

Mitch Miller

- ★★★★ *Meet Mister Callaghan*
★★★ *How Strange*

Mitch treats *Callaghan*, as you might expect, with harpsichord and French horns featured, chorus very faintly heard in the background. Despite the tremendous competition on this instrumental, his version should do well.

Strange is not the tune from *Idiot's Delight* but a similarly titled, similarly minor-keyed opus from *Bullfighter and the Lady*, credited to Victor Young and Peggy Lee. The chorus makes a larger contribution on this side, singing wordlessly to aid what is, in effect, a superior instrumental. (Columbia 39851.)

Lorry Raine

- ★★★ *You Can't Hurt Me Anymore*
★★★ *This Night For Love*

One of these days, Lorry is going to have herself a smash record. Not because she's a great talent—she's a reasonably good pop singer with no particular style. But because she has a fighting guy selling her, grooming her, producing her records with an eye toward her failings. The guy also happens to be her husband.

He is one of the writers on *Love*, in this case would go done better by letting his own song go by the wayside in favor of stronger material. *Hurt* is a professional Tin Pan Alley ballad decked out in a neat arrangement, sung pleasantly by Lorry. This one got the extra star mainly for the pluck of the family. (Universal.)

John Raitt

- ★★★ *Because You're Mine*
★★★ *The Song Angels Sing*

The two major tunes from the forthcoming Mario Lanza movie provide Raitt, a Broadway show singer, with material for his disc debut. *Mine* is the title song, *Angels* is based on Brahms Third Symphony, third movement. Lanza is likely to carry one or the other or both to prominence and this very upstanding competitive version of the same coupling should catch a small share, if only for the titles. (Decca 28337.)

Johnnie Ray

- ★★★★★ *Faith Can Move Mountains*
★★★★★ *Love Me*

The Weeper should have a two-faced hit on this record. It certainly is his best try since the *Cry* days. The sharp is for *Love Me*, an above average rhythm tune which is handled not only with rhythmic prowess by Ray, but also makes splendid, if near-hidden use of Mundell Lowe's guitar, the remainder of a rocking rhythm section and the Four Lads, who blend well this time. *Faith* is the ballad side and Johnnie puts all of his emotional powers into pouring it out. (Columbia 39837.)

Sauter-Finegan

- ★★★★ *Moonlight On The Ganges*
★★★★ *April In Paris*

The Vernon Duke *Paris* provides master arrangers Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan with an opportunity to paint a sensitive, still vivid canvas. For the first time, the duo employs a voice to fit in with the percussion battery, recorder, etc. But the voice, a soprano, is blended in the whole as an instrument to expand the color potential of the ensemble. Muted trombone, probably Vern Friley, and the recorder, played by Sid Cooper, play prominent roles along with the percussion section and harp in completing the most arresting interpretation Sauter and Finegan have put on wax to date.

Ganges employs what sounds like a kazoo for odd effects, has a good deal of humor, swings pleasantly in sections, is scored for rich color as is all of the Sauter-Finegan arrangements. Musically, both sides maintain the high caliber the boys set with their first four etchings. Commercially, *Paris* and its rich colors should be the key side. (Victor 20-4927.)

Jerry Shard

- ★★★ *Hot Lips*
★★★ *Can, Can, Can*

Shard's multi-tape coupling should do fairly well, particularly since *Lips* still stands as one of the most active standards around juke boxes. Shard, of course, dubs with such instruments as trombone, bells, etc. *Can* is the umpteenth return of the *Can, Can* music of Offenbach. (Capitol 2208.)

Jo Stafford

- ★★★★★ *Jambalaya*
★★★★★ *Early Autumn*

Jambalaya, a five-star selection of Sept. 10, is a superior production of a superior folk item with a Bayou flavor. Jo sings it forcefully against a background furnished by hubby Weston and the Luboff

Choir, the forces employed much in the manner which made *Shrimp Bents* so big a hit.

Autumn is the lovely ballad drawn from the Woody Herman instrumental written by Ralph Burns and sized for an eloquent lyric by Johnny Mercer. Miss Stafford sings it gracefully, almost reverently. (Columbia 39838.)

June Valli

- ★★★ *Mighty Lonesome Feelin'*
★★★★ *Taboo*

June opens up wide on *Taboo* to try to ring up a follow-up to *Strange Sensation*. With the help of a windy, pseudo-exciting Harry Salter background, she should attract a good amount of attention with this bravura effort.

Feelin' is the more conventional side of the coupling, sung reasonably well with a slick Salter background. (Victor 20-4900.)

Sarah Vaughan

- ★★★★ *Say You'll Wait for Me*
★★★ *My Tormented Heart*

Sarah gets a rare chance to demonstrate some of her range on *Wait*, an imported ballad which seems to be taking hold in scattered areas. *Heart* is Toselli's Serenade with a new lyric. Sarah stays in her lower registers for this one and sounds better than she has in ages on records. Percy Faith provided chorus and orch for both sides. (Columbia 39839.)

Lawrence Welk

- ★★ *Cocoon Grove*
★★ *Rustic Dance*

Grove is a semi-thriving revival done pleasantly in Welk's danceable mickey style. Roberta Linn sings it. *Dance* is a familiar public domain air which provides Welk with nice simple fare for his squeeze box. The elder dance act should appreciate the effort. (Coral 60813.)

JAZZ

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Pete Daily

- ★★ *Yelping Hound Blues*
★★ *Clarinet Marmalade*

It's hard to tell to what degree the musicians are kidding themselves and/or their customers on sides like these. It's all good-humored primitive jazz with the traditional instrumentation, and, on the second side, the traditional arrangement. Pete Daily's cornet, Warren Smith's trombone, Rosy McHargue's clarinet, Skippy Anderson's piano and George Defebaugh's drums are the detonating agents. (Good Time Jazz 68.)

Buddy De Franco

- ★★★ *Carioca*
★★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Two superior sides featuring just clarinet and rhythm, the first number as successful commercially as the second is musically. Kenny Drew's piano is outstanding on *Things*; Art Blakey's drums team with Buddy for a climax in the old Goodman tradition on *Carioca*. (MGM 11303.)

Lionel Hampton

- ★★★★ *On The Sunny Side Of The Street*
★★ *12th Street Rag*

Cut in 1937, Sunny was famous for its opening chorus by Johnny Hodges. Hamp's vocal second chorus lowers the general level, his vibes bring it back up. *Rag* sounds strangely dated. Waxed in 1939, it has a sad rhythm section, inferior solos by such superior Ellingtonians of that day as Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney and Rex Stewart, and a lot of Lionel's machine-gun-single-notes piano. (Victor 420-0014.)

James Moody

- ★ *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*
★★ *Hey Jim*

Moody's thin, quavering alto fingers its way nervously through *Until*, a performance utterly without distinction. Jim has Baba Gonzales singing in boppish phrases about an alleged new craze in Harlem. He is followed by a good bob trumpet, and a tenor solo by Moody. (Mercury 8290.)

Turk Murphy

- ★★ *Mesa Round*
★★ *Oh Daddy*

Perhaps these belong in the pop section, since they delve so far back into history that they're in the barroom-music or just-around-the-corner-from-western-music category. *Daddy* features the big, Beanie-Smith-era voice of one Claire Austin. There's a whole passage of melody played on what sounds like a sousaphone on *Mesa*. (Good Time Jazz 69.)



DINAH'S STILL FINER than any of her contemporaries for the countless fans who welcomed her back recently to her regular television show, reviewed in this issue. Dinah's still a potent factor in the RCA Victor talent roster, too.

Kid Ory

- ★★★ *Down Home Rag*
★★★ *1919 Rag*

Best of the recent releases on this label. The old-timey music has enough guts to assure you the guys are taking themselves seriously. Old folks will nod their heads rhythmically to the simple strains of the *Down Home Rag*, with Mutt Carey, Ory and Darnell Howard in the front line, plus an unashamed four-piece rhythm section with one of them new-fangled guitars replacing the banjo. (Good Time Jazz 70.)

Oscar Peterson

- ★★★★ *Willow Weep For Me*
★★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Shades of the old Cole Trio! Aided by Irving Ashby's guitar, Ray Brown's bass, and on the second side Alvin Stoller's drums. Oscar swings lightly and politely. His *Willow* is reminiscent of Tatum's and no less effective. (Mercury 8999.)

Sonny Stitt

- ★★ *Nice Work If You Can Get It*
★★ *Our Very Own*
★★ *There'll Never Be Another You*
★★ *Later*
★★ *Ain't Misbehavin'*
★★ *After You've Gone*
★★ *Swayway To The Stars*
★★ *Blasin'*

Album rating: ★★

Except for choruses on *Work and Gon* this is a rather lackluster sampling. Sonny Stitt at work on tenor sax. Remder of the album is largely given over slightly echo-chambered sugary tenor lead solos, mainly intended for cornet and b customers.

There's not much meat in the sically. Most of the sides were issued singly. The Gene Am band, recently disbanded, back *Gone and Our Very Own*; re the sides were done with rhyth *Work* is the standout side in the it spots a brief, but tasty bit of dan's piano finesse. (Prestige PRL)

Lu Watters

- ★★★ *Sweet Georgia Brown*
★★★ *Irish Black Bottom*

The Yerba Buena Jazz Band grass roots merrily as the boogie leads it on a conducted tour th familiar territories: the Mac standard, and an inconsequ Louis Armstrong happened quarter-century ago. Con Satchmo's original version tereating to collectors. (Mer

Jimmy and Mama

- ★★ *How Long Blues*
★★ *Make Me A Pallet On The Floor*
★★ *Monkey Woman Blues*
★★ *Four O'Clock Blues*
★★ *Sante Fe Blues*
★★ *Yancey Special*

Album rating: ★★

Of more historic import than of mus

interest are these final recordings made of Jimmy Yancey one month before he died in mid-1951. Mama Yancey plays the major role in the album, since she is featured on five of the six selections wailing now standard Yancey blues. She sang on this occasion with a persuasive charm in the traditional blues shout style.

Jimmy did his evergreen *Special* and provided tasteful piano on the other sides for Mama's shouts. His style, basic in jazz, even in 1951 had a homespun simplicity and sincerity that was typical of the beginnings of jazz. Israel Crosby provided Gibraltar-like bass support on these sides.

Researches into the beginnings of jazz will find this album enlightening as well as a warm experience. (Atlantic LP 130.)

RHYTHM & BLUES

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Johnny Ace

- ★★★★★ *My Song*
★★ *Follow The Rule*

By now the first side will have proved its five star-rating by racking up five-star sales. It's a simple melody, constructed melodically and harmonically just like *So Long*. Although the singing, the balance and the performance of the accompanying Beal Streeters are distinctly inferior to Dinah Washington's and other later performances, this is the one that started the whole thing. Backing is an indifferent shuffle blues. (Duke R 102.)

Hadda Brooks

- ★★★ *My Song*
★★★ *I Went To Your Wedding*

Hadda's first recording since her return from London has her providing coverage of a couple of rapidly ascending tunes. *Song* is an r & b item which suits Miss Brooks several notches better than *Wedding*, a countryish pop. Small band backgrounds are adequate. (Okeh 6910.)

Red Callender

- ★★★ *Lonesome Rebecca*
★★ *Blues For J.T.*

Big, deep unison reed sounds and a slow rocking beat make *Rebecca* one of the better recent r & b instrumentals. The Sextette becomes a Fourtette, as the label calls it, for *Blues*, which features Red's bass, Eddie Beal's piano and somebody's guitar in some average ad libbing. (Victor 20-4908.)

Monte Easter

- ★★ *Pastel*
★★ *World's Finest*
★★ *Angin*
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endowed with lyrics by a Mr. Otis (not Johnnie) and is here sung by Miss Pat Reed. She shows promise as a junior league Billie Holiday, but her voice, dubbed in New York after the band part was cut on the coast, is poorly balanced. Coupling is a nondescript r & b shuffle blues. (Discovery 1202.)

Bulee Gaillard

- ★★★ *I Know What To Do*
★★★ *St. Louis Blues*

The "Southern Fried Orchestra," as the label calls it, is simply Slim Gaillard on his rhythm and blues kick, with all the appropriate sounds—everybody blowing as loud as possible and Slim singing some fairly convincing blues. (Mercury 8998.)

Eddie Jefferson

- ★★★★ *Body And Soul*
★★★ *I Got The Blues*

It had to happen. King Pleasure's *Moody Mood* made it, and now littler Kings, lesser pleasures and moodier moods are springing up on other labels. Jefferson makes due acknowledgement to Moody in his fantastically involved lyrics to *Body*. An example of what goes on: he gets the phrase "loving you is the onliest thing I ever want to do" into two beats of one bar! If only a singer would come along who can do this kind of stuff in tune, the idea would be a musical hit too. *I Got The Blues* is Lester Leaps In with lyrics. (Hi-Lo 1413.)

Julia Lee

- ★ *Goin' To Chicago Blues*
★★ *Last Call*

Capitol, putting its little toes back into the rhythm and blues tide after a long absence, digs two unissued Lee sides out of the files. They are well sung, but contain none of the earthy, fortissimo sounds essential to almost any rhythm and blues side nowadays. Nor do they have any of the double-meaning lyrics that used to sell Julia. Band is stodgy and listless on both sides. (Capitol 2203.)

Jimmy Liggins

- ★★★★ *Brown Skin Baby*
★★★★ *Dark Hour Blues*

Liggins "Drops Of Joy" comprise an expert little crew. *Brown Skin* is removed from the routine by the standout band work, which includes some expert striding tenor working out in the buck dance (or rhumba blues) formula. *Dark Hour* is a moody slow blues, sung well by Liggins, again played splendidly by his crack band. (Specialty 434.)

Jimmy McCracklin

- ★★★★ *My Days Are Limited*
★★★★ *She's Gone*

Jimmy's blues are the real thing. Both his voice and the combo with him ring true from the first bar. The pessimistic slow blues seems the likelier item, though the coupling jumps zestfully with gutty tenor, piano and guitar work as Jimmy tells a typical story about his absent mate. (Specialty 1605.)

The Ravens

- ★★★ *Imported Jazz*
★★★ *Night Long*
★★★ *From the Belgians*

Say Away in Rock Me, a For those Belgians who section not to listen to a "poor" Eldridge, or a "tired" Young, all they have to do is stay away! Nothing is compelling anti-JATP to attend this or that concert and I'm sure Granz will not lose too much sleep over it.

Gibbs like this one and countless others in the past have always liked me. Why knock JATP? Everybody, including the principles, knows that JATP is 75% showmanship and 25% musicianship. So what? You pay to be entertained, not educated. Leave education to Konitz, Brubeck, Mariano and Tristano—I'll take the crudeness, rashness and excitement of Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic.

Bob Parlange

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RECORD REVIEWS

Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. Records in the jazz section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections of interest from the musical standpoint are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Ratings

★★★★ Excellent, ★★★ Very Good, ★★ Good, ★ Fair, ★ Poor.

POPULAR

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting a double sharp (##).

Ray Anthony

- ★★★ *Randle's Island*
★★★ *Marilyn*

Randle, (dedicated, to deejay Bill Randle) is an easy-on-the-ears instrumental by George Williams, slightly reminiscent of *Sentimental Journey*. Pleasant muted horn work by Ray and a strong build-up finale. The Shirl-Drake *Marilyn*, despite the inspiration of La Belle Monroe that produced it, is not a world-shaking piece of material. It's adequately performed with Tommy Mercer and the Skyliners featured. (Capitol 2207.)

John Arcesi

- ★★ *Moonlight Brings Memories*
★★ *Wild Honey*

Arcesi, who will be best remembered when he was called Don D'Arcy, makes his Cap debut with a couple of a fairish cuttings. *Honey* is the stronger entry, a big ballad sung in a voice and style strongly reminiscent of Herb Jeffries. (Capitol 2206.)

Connie Boswell-Artie Shaw

- ★★★ *My Little Nest Of Heavenly Blue*
★★★ *Where There's Smoke There's Fire*

Credited to Franz Lehár and Sigmund Spaeth, *Blue* will be better known to many as *Frasquita Serenade*. As hit song material it doesn't stack up as a world-beater. Shaw, heading his Gramercy Five and actually lifting clarinet to lips again, backs up Connie's pleasant warbling fairly well. Connie sings well again on *Smoke*, but the torpid rhythm makes it a somewhat lifeless performance. (Decca 28377.)

June Christy

- ★★★ *Some Folks Do*
★★★ *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*

Jimmy McPhail's original version of *Some* indicated that there was a good piece of potential material here. The potential has been more fully realized in this version by June; in fact, it's one of her best efforts to date, musically and commercially. Pete Rugolo's backing is sensibly simple, and there's a good striding tenor solo. *Schoen* is good, too, except that she does nothing new with the over-familiar material. (Capitol 2199.)

Billy Daniels

- It's a Good Day
You Better Go Now
After You're Gone
Don't Take Your Love from Me
How Deep Is the Ocean
Day In, Day Out
If I Should Lose You
The Thrill Is Gone

Album rating: ★★★

Daniels comes across moderately well in this, his second album. At least some of the element that has made him such a firm star in night clubs has been captured on these records, though it would be impossible to get all of it. The songs he does here are all of the evergreen variety, all good tunes.

Sidekick Benny Payne joins Daniels for *After You've Gone* to inject a note of humor as well as spirit into the proceedings. The album probably was designed for the Daniels night club enthusiasts, and for this element, the set should prove rep-

resentative, if not fully satisfying.

Russ Case's backgrounds don't get in the way, are restrained, tasty. (Mercury MG 25163.)

Doris Day

- ★★★ *Somebody Loves Me*
★★★ *Just One of Those Things*

Things amounts to a coverage because of Peggy Lee's recording which lit up the tune anew. Doris sings it well and is backed up superlatively by a Les Brownish arrangement by ex-Brown man Frank Comstock. A dainty modern piano bit, possibly Brown's Geoff Clarkson, helps sustain the interlude between vocal refrains.

Somebody, being employed as a movie title for the coming Betty Hutton flicker, likewise is done with extreme good taste. A brief but handsome tenor bit, sounds like Dave Pell, shines in the instrumental break. A genuinely good musical pop with Doris in peak form! (Columbia 39200.)

Billy Eckstine

- ★★★★ *Because You're Mine*
★★★★ *Early Autumn*

Billy brings to light the attractiveness of *Mine* as a song, a rather attractive melody mated with an alliterative lyric. B. does a first rate job with it, but he has to buck a guy named Lanza on the song and will probably wind up playing second fiddle to Mario. *Autumn*, of course, is the Ralph Burns melody fitted with fine Johnny Mercer words; Billy tries a little too hard to make something of it, result is just another Eckstine record, nothing special. (MGM 11301.)

Percy Faith

- Jungle Fantasy*
Caribbean Night
Wow-Wow-Wow
Oye Negro
Jamaican Rumba
Minute Samba
Jack-Jack-Jack
Enlolo

Album rating: ★★★★★

Percy, who is long noted for his ability to do picturesque treatments of Latin-styled material, has some of his best work in this idiom to date in this collection. *Jamaican* has been issued singly, the other seven are only in the album.

The pitch is excitement, and the effect is successfully achieved throughout, despite a large-sized orchestra. In scoring the eight Latin standards, Percy left room here and there for solos—for hot flute on *Jungle*, muted trumpet here and brief piano bits there.

It's skillfully scored, skillfully executed Latin Americana of the concert variety, should draw plenty of spins on top of Percy's *Delicado*. (Columbia CL 6214.)

Bill Farrell

- ★ *Maria Mia*
★★★ *A Sinner Kissed an Angel*

Farrell groans his way through a new Tin Pan Alley "Italian" ballad, then does an about face, but still groans, through *Sinner*, a fine torch song from the mid-forties. (MGM 11310.)

Ella Fitzgerald

- ★★★★★ *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*
★★★★★ *Trying*

Bonnie is a different sort of record, has a good deal of excitement stirred up mainly by a group of teenage percussionists. Ella handles the evergreen as a calypso novelty.

Trying, a Dot Records' hit, is sung with warmth and feeling by Ella, with adequate, if uninspired, support drawn from a small studio band and vocal group. (Decca 28375.)

Red Foley-Roberta Lee

- ★★★★ *Don't Believe Everything You Hear*
★★★★ *I Gotta Have You*

This is actually a country record. But the material and performance are such that they could easily fall into the pop market. *Don't Believe* is an exceptionally clever boy-girl novelty, borrowed only lightly from the sextet from *Lucia*; *Gotta Have You* is an above average country blues.

Foley is one of the finest natural singers in the nation, has a tremendous sense of time and beat, and possesses a rich and resonant quality. Roberta is a jack-of-all-styles, holds down her end of the duet in standout fashion. Backing is typical country strings, mainly guitars. (Decca 28343.)

Dolores Gray

- ★★ *Say You'll Wait For Me*
★★★ *Crazy He Calls Me*

Good competent jobs on both songs by Dolores. *Wait* is an Italian import with new English lyrics. *Crazy* is a revival of a fine song that stirred a small amount of noise via a Billie Holiday recording about three years ago.

The latter is a first-rate ballad with more literate lines than is usually found in the average Tin Pan Alley product. (Decca 28336.)

Dick Haymes

- ★★★ *That's the Last Tear*
★★★ *Tinsel and Gold*

Haymes breezes deftly through a Tin Pan Alley hillbilly bounce tune, *Tear*, and should do himself more good commercially than he's been able to do for some time. *Tinsel* is another phoney hillbilly that passes on the wisdom that it's just as easy to dream of gold as it is to dream about—guess what? It's a shame that Haymes' unquestionably fine talents remain submerged in such second rate material. (Decca 28361.)

Johnny Holiday

- ★★ *Over Somebody Else's Shoulder*
★★ *If We Should Never Meet Again*

Newcomer Holiday shows some good qualities on *Meet*. *Shoulder* is a passable slicing of a fairly routine tune. Denny Farnon furnished the tasty backgrounds. (Capitol 2201.)

Harry James-Toni Harper

- ★★★ *The Melancholy Trumpet*
★★★ *Goin' Home*

Young Miss Harper joins James on the *Trumpet* item, a pleasant trifle which does more for Harry than it does for the fine teen-age thrush. *Home* is a repetitious bluesy item which builds a beat largely due to the excellent Ray Coniff arrangement. Harry blows a small amount of his usually rich adept, skillful horn, while Jud Conlan's Rhythmaires serve up the lyrics. (Columbia 39846.)

Al Martino

- ★★★★ *Say You'll Wait For Me*
★★★★ *I've Never Seen*

Hot balladeer Martino doesn't figure to get a smash hit out of this coupling, though *Wait* should pick up tidy acceptance among his quickly developed fan following. (Capitol 2185.)



FIRST DUET SESSION held by Coral vocalists Don Cornell and Teresa Brewer recently produced at least one side of unmistakable hit proportions, *You'll Never Get Away*, which earns the Beat's five-star nod.

Mitch Miller

- ★★★★ *Meet Mister Callaghan*
★★★★ *How Strange*

Mitch treats *Callaghan*, as you might expect, with harpsichord and French horns featured, chorus very faintly heard in the background. Despite the tremendous competition on this instrumental, his version should do well.

Strange is not the tune from *Idiot's Delight* but a similarly titled, similarly minor-keyed opus from *Bullfighter and the Lady*, credited to Victor Young and Peggy Lee. The chorus makes a larger contribution on this side, singing wordlessly to aid what is, in effect, a superior instrumental. (Columbia 39851.)

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One of these days, Lorry is going to have herself a smash record. Not because she's a great talent—she's a reasonably good pop singer with no particular style. But because she has a fighting guy selling her, grooming her, producing her records with an eye toward her failings. The guy also happens to be her husband.

He is one of the writers on *Love*, in this case would have done better by letting his own song go by the wayside in favor of stronger material. *Hurt* is a professional Tin Pan Alley ballad decked out in a neat arrangement, sung pleasantly by Lorry. This one got the extra star mainly for the pluck of the family. (Universal.)

John Raitt

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★★★ *The Song Angels Sing*

The two major tunes from the forthcoming Mario Lanza movie provide Raitt, a Broadway show singer, with material for his disc debut. *Mine* is the title song, *Angels* is based on Brahms Third Symphony, third movement. Lanza is likely to carry one or the other or both to prominence and this very upstanding competitive version of the same coupling should catch a small share, if only for the titles. (Decca 28337.)

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Sauter-Finegan

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★★★★★ *April In Paris*

The Vernon Duke *Paris* provides master arrangers Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan with an opportunity to paint a sensitive, still vivid canvas. For the first time, the duo employs a voice to fit in with the percussion battery, recorder, etc. But the voice, a soprano, is blended in the whole as an instrument to expand the color potential of the ensemble. Muted trombone, probably Vern Friley, and the recorder, played by Sid Cooper, play prominent roles along with the percussion section and harp in completing the most arresting interpretation Sauter and Finegan have put on wax to date.

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Jerry Sherd

- ★★★ *Hot Lips*
★★★ *Can, Can, Can*

Shard's multi-tape coupling should do fairly well, particularly since *Lips* still stands as one of the most active standards around juke boxes. Sherd, of course, dubs with such instruments as trombone, bells, etc. *Can* is the umpteenth return of the *Can, Can* music of Offenbach. (Capitol 2208.)

Jo Stafford

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★★★★★ *Early Autumn*

Jambalaya, a five-star selection of Sept. 10, is a superior production of a superior folk item with a Bayou flavor. Jo sings it forcefully against a background furnished by hubby Weston and the Luboff

Choir, the forces employed much in the manner which made *Shrimp Boats* so big a hit.

Autumn is the lovely ballad drawn from the Woody Herman instrumental written by Ralph Burns and sized for an eloquent lyric by Johnny Mercer. Miss Stafford sings it gracefully, almost reverently. (Columbia 39838.)

June Valli

- ★★ *Mighty Lonesome Feelin'*
★★★★ *Taboo*

June opens up wide on *Taboo* to try to ring up a follow-up to *Strange Sensation*. With the help of a windy, pseudo-exciting Harry Salter background, she should attract a good amount of attention with this bravura effort.

Feelin' is the more conventional side of the coupling, sung reasonably well with a slick Salter background. (Victor 20-4900.)

Sarah Vaughan

- ★★★★ *Say You'll Wait for Me*
★★★★ *My Tormented Heart*

Sarah gets a rare chance to demonstrate some of her range on *Wait*, an imported ballad which seems to be taking hold in scattered areas. *Heart* is Toselli's Serenade with a new lyric. Sarah stays in her lower registers for this one and sounds better than she has in ages on records. Percy Faith provided chorus and orch for both sides. (Columbia 39839.)

Lawrence Welk

- ★★ *Cocoanut Grove*
★★ *Rustic Dance*

Grove is a semi-thriving revival done pleasantly in Welk's danceable mickie style. Roberta Linn sings it. *Dance* is a familiar public domain air which provides Welk with nice simple fare for his squeeze box. The elder dance set should appreciate the effort. (Coral 60813.)

JAZZ

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Pete Daily

- ★★ *Yelping Hound Blues*
★★ *Clarinet Marmalade*

It's hard to tell to what degree the musicians are kidding themselves and/or their customers on sides like these. It's all good-humored primitive jazz with the traditional instrumentation, and, on the second side, the traditional arrangement. Pete Daily's cornet, Warren Smith's trombone, Rosy McHargue's clarinet, Skippy Anderson's piano and George Defebaugh's drums are the detonating agents. (Good Time Jazz 68.)

Buddy De Franco

- ★★★ *Carioca*
★★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Two superior sides featuring just clarinet and rhythm, the first number as successful commercially as the second is musically. Kenny Drew's piano is outstanding on *Things*; Art Blakey's drums team with Buddy for a climax in the old Goodman tradition on *Carioca*. (MGM 11303.)

Lionel Hampton

- ★★★★ *On The Sunny Side Of The Street*
★★ *12th Street Rag*

Cut in 1937, *Sunny* was famous for its opening chorus by Johnny Hodges. Hamp's vocal second chorus lowers the general level, his vibes bring it back up. *Rag* sounds strangely dated. Waxed in 1939, it has a sad rhythm section, inferior solos by such superior Ellingtonians of that day as Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney and Rex Stewart, and a lot of Lionel's machine-gun-single-notes piano. (Victor 420-0014.)

James Moody

- ★ *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*
★★ *Hey Jim*

Moody's thin, quavering alto fingers its way nervously through *Until*, a performance utterly without distinction. *Jim* has Babe Gonzales singing in boppish phrases about an alleged new craze in Harlem. He is followed by a good bop trumpet, and a tenor solo by Moody. (Mercury 8290.)

Turk Murphy

- ★★ *Mesa 'Round*
★★ *Oh Daddy*

Perhaps these belong in the pop section, since they delve so far back into history that they're in the barroom-music or just-around-the-corner-from-western-music category. *Daddy* features the big, Bessie Smith-era voice of one Claire Austin. There's a whole passage of melody played on what sounds like a sousaphone on *Mesa*. (Good Time Jazz 69.)



DINAH'S STILL FINER than any of her contemporaries for the countless fans who welcomed her back recently to her regular television show, reviewed in this issue. Dinah's still a potent factor in the RCA Victor talent roster, too.

Kid Ory

- ★★★ *Down Home Rag*
★★★ *1919 Rag*

Best of the recent releases on this label. The old-timey music has enough guts to assure you the guys are taking themselves seriously. Old folks will nod their heads rhythmically to the simple strains of the *Down Home Rag*, with Mutt Carey, Ory and Darnell Howard in the front line, plus an unashamed four-piece rhythm section with one of them new-fangled guitars replacing the banjo. (Good Time Jazz 70.)

Oscar Peterson

- ★★★★ *Willow Weep For Me*
★★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Shades of the old Cole Trio! Aided by Irving Ashby's guitar, Ray Brown's bass, and on the second side Alvin Stoller's drums. Oscar swings lightly and politely. His *Willow* is reminiscent of Tatum's and no less effective. (Mercury 8999.)

Sonny Stitt

- Nice Work If You Can Get It*
Our Very Own
There'll Never Be Another You
Later
Ain't Misbehavin'
After You've Gone
Stairway To The Stars
Blazin'

Album rating: ★★

Except for choruses on *Work and Gen* this is a rather lackluster sampling of Sonny Stitt at work on tenor sax. Remder of the album is largely given over to slightly echo-chambered sugary tenor lads solos, mainly intended for com

r & b customers. There's not much meat in the sides. Most of the sides were issued singly. The Gene Ammons band, recently disbanded, backed *Gone* and *Our Very Own*; re the sides were done with rhyth *Work* is the standout side in the spots a brief, but tasty bit of dan's piano finesse. (Prestige PRLP

Lu Watters

- ★★★★ *Sweet Georgia Brown*
★★ *Irish Black Bottom*

The Yerba Buena Jazz Band grass roots merrily as the boogie leads it on a conducted tour the familiar territories: the Mac standard, and an inconsequ Louis Armstrong happened quarter-century ago. Con Satchmo's original version interesting to collectors. (Me

Jimmy and Mama

- How Long Blues*
Make Me A Pallet On The Floor
Monkey Woman Blues
Four O'Clock Blues
Sante Fe Blues
Yancey Special

Album rating: ★★

Of more historic import than of mus

interest are these final recordings made of Jimmy Yancey one month before he died in mid-1951. Mama Yancey plays the major role in the album, since she is featured on five of the six selections wailing now standard Yancey blues. She sang on this occasion with a persuasive charm in the traditional blues shout style.

Jimmy did his evergreen *Special* and provided tasteful piano on the other sides for Mama's shouts. His style, basic in jazz, even in 1951 had a homespun simplicity and sincerity that was typical of the beginnings of jazz. Israel Crosby provided Gibraltar-like bass support on these sides.

Researches into the beginnings of jazz will find this album enlightening as well as a warm experience. (Atlantic LP 130.)

RHYTHM & BLUES

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Johnny Ace

- ★★★★ *My Song*
★★ *Follow The Rule*

By now the first side will have proved its five star-rating by racking up five-star sales. It's a simple melody, constructed melodically and harmonically just like *So Long*. Although the singing, the balance and the performance of the accompanying Beal Streeters are distinctly inferior to Dinah Washington's and other later performances, this is the one that started the whole thing. Backing is an indifferent shuffle blues. (Duke R 102.)

Hadda Brooks

- ★★★ *My Song*
★★ *I Went To Your Wedding*

Hadda's first recording since her return from London has her providing coverage of a couple of rapidly ascending tunes. *Song* is an r & b item which suits Miss Brooks several notches better than *Wedding*, a countryish pop. Small band backgrounds are adequate. (Okeh 6910.)

Red Callender

- ★★★ *Lonesome Rebecca*
★★ *Blues For J.T.*

Big, deep unison reed sounds and a slow rocking beat make *Rebecca* one of the better recent r & b instrumentals. The Sextette becomes a Fourtette, as the label calls it, for *Blues*, which features Red's bass, Eddie Beal's piano and somebody's guitar in some average ad libbing. (Victor 20-4908.)

Monte Easter

- ★★ *Pastel*
★ *Boogie*

endowed with lyrics by a Mr. Otis (not Johnnie) and is here sung by Miss Pat Reed. She shows promise as a junior league Billie Holiday, but her voice, dubbed in New York after the band part was cut on the coast, is poorly balanced. Coupling is a nondescript r & b shuffle blues. (Discovery 1202.)

Bulee Gaillard

- ★★ *I Know What To Do*
★★ *St. Louis Blues*

The "Southern Fried Orchestra," as the label calls it, is simply Slim Gaillard on his rhythm and blues kick, with all the appropriate sounds—everybody blowing as loud as possible and Slim singing some fairly convincing blues. (Mercury 8998.)

Eddie Jefferson

- ★★★★ *Body And Soul*
★★ *I Got The Blues*

It had to happen. King Pleasure's *Moody Mood* made it, and now littler Kings, lesser pleasures and moodier moods are springing up on other labels. Jefferson makes due acknowledgement to Moody in his fantastically involved lyrics to *Body*. An example of what goes on: he gets the phrase "loving you is the onliest thing I ever want to do" into two beats of one bar! If only a singer would come along who can do this kind of stuff in tune, the idea would be a musical hit too. *I Got The Blues* is Lester Leaps In with lyrics. (Hi-Lo 1413.)

Julia Lee

- ★ *Goin' To Chicago Blues*
★★ *Last Call*

Capitol, putting its little toes back into the rhythm and blues tide after a long absence, digs two unused Lee sides out of the files. They are well sung, but contain none of the earthy, fortissimo sounds essential to almost any rhythm and blues side nowadays. Nor do they have any of the double-meaning lyrics that used to sell Julia. Band is stodgy and listless on both sides. (Capitol 2203.)

Jimmy Liggins

- ★★★ *Brown Skin Baby*
★★★★ *Dark Hour Blues*

Liggins "Drops Of Joy" comprise an expert little crew. *Brown Skin* is removed from the routine by the standout band work, which includes some expert striding tenor working out in the buck dance (or rumba blues) formula. *Dark Hour* is a moody slow blues, sung well by Liggins, again played splendidly by his crack band. (Specialty 434.)

Jimmy McCracklin

- ★★★★ *My Days Are Limited*
★★★ *She's Gone*

Jimmy's blues are the real thing. Both his voice and the combo with him ring true from the first bar. The pessimistic slow blues seems the likelier item, though the coupling jumps zestfully with gutty tenor, piano and guitar work as Jimmy tells a typical story about his absent mate. (Black 1605.)

The Ravens

- ★★ *Night Long*
★★ *Let's Rock Me, a*
★★ *Let's up and*
★★ *Let's section*

True Travel Tale Told By Band Biz Baedeker

(Jumped from Page 3)

tion for the help you're offering their son. You leave and jump right back on the bandwagon. The next set of local boys, hundreds of miles away, are awaiting the same treatment. This is an endless caravan, but it is one that's good.

Modern Times

On the other hand, the 1952 musical gypsy is vastly different from his predecessors. For one thing, a few years back, an itinerary generally included at least 26 weeks of theaters, a good three months of location spots—like hotels or nightclubs. The rest of the year was spent on the one-nighters. Hmm!

Today, the scene is reversed. No theaters except the New York Paramount and one or two locations of any consequence. The rest of the year is spent doing nothing but one-nighters. The bands are chock full of poor little map-happy boys chanting the route number blues. Come what may, rain, sleet, icy roads, bad roads, detours, motor breakdowns, accidents—make the gig! Unwritten law amongst the boys—make the gig!

Few Accidents

We've lost a few of our boys in accidents, but the percentage is low. Since the war, hotels have hiked prices and they're not looking to do anything but keep hikin'. The kids travel their usual mileage, 150 up to 400 miles three or four nights a week after the job to beat the day rate at a hotel. Actually you save a day's bill by doing that. Any kind of saving is important with the present day salaries.

Oh boy! money is quick to go on the road. You have your valet service two or three times a week—your weekly laundries, garage bills, hotel bills and food and beverage. Believe me, in certain parts of the country, the taste of food and water could scare you out of a month's growth. There's not too much left at payday for the average roadman. It's practically an impossibility to be married and stay on the road.

Youth

A younger musician has an altogether different attitude from the older boy. The youth is so excited by the fact that he's in a name band and seeing new territories and faces, that he personifies pure contentment. The old guys grumble and groan and constantly talk about this and that last tour, etc. He's got the years of experience, the guy reaches a matter of his

collapse, sleep or visit a local pub and sip till you stagger back to the hotel—a free day to indulge in social activity. You could call the road the lonesome road, and not be far wrong.

The steady talk among the boys, aside from music, is the everlasting hope that maybe the booking offices will recognize a commercial value to their band, and help them by landing a TV show, or a package concert show, or create some more locations, just so they can sit down a moment.

Most of the boys don't know too much about the workings of big business. They can't understand why record companies aren't more cooperative with instrumental bands. They can't see why vocalists get all the play. Only when they seek out their leaders and question him do they get the true picture and answers.

See You Soon

The one real hobby of the musician is trying to make his band, or better yet, his particular section, sound better. Many traveling hours are spent in discussion of how to iron out inside-the-band problems.

One thing is funny! You can ask any bandsman after he's well into a tour—"Where were you playing last night?" For money, the majority can't answer it. They hem and haw, and finally have to take out their written itinerary to check the date.

Despite all the pros and cons of the one-nighter, musicians come and go and American music marches on. Along with all the hardship, it's the greatest ball that this writer has ever known, and my advice to all young musicians is to study hard, concentrate on accuracy, and I'll soon be seeing you on route 66—Carry on!

The Coolest

A special Beat prize for the phoniest press agent item of the year is hereby awarded for the following item. It was printed, apparently with a straight face, in Leonard Lyons' syndicated column:—

There's a feud on between Zooty (sic) Sims, who wrote Shim Sham Shoop, and Billy Taylor.



Tommy Mercer and Marcia Miller.

Mercer And Miller Partnership Recalls Eberly-O'Connell Era

By Jack Tracy

We think you'd have to hark back to the days of Eberly and O'Connell and Sinatra and Haines before you'd find a pair of band singers as good as the team currently employed by Ray Anthony—Tommy Mercer and Marcia Miller.

Mercer you've probably heard quite a bit of, as his assuring baritone voice has already been featured on numerous sides with Ray and for two years each with Charlie Spivak and Eddy Duchin. But Marcie might be a stranger unless you've listened to her swinging *Singing in the Rain* or her warm, impelling *You're Driving Me Crazy*, both with the Anthony band.

Sensible

And it's a pleasant surprise to speak to these two level-headed youngsters. They have ambitions, sure, but they realize the value of their fairly catapulted success. They'll do much better than most. At least estimated 20 million in the United States are speed changers?

better to stay with the band and be seen and heard by thousands of people every month.

In the meantime, Anthony realizes their value to the band and features them singly, as a duo, and in the choir. Thus everyone's happy, everyone's making progress.

Started Early

The 27-year-old Mercer started singing in high school, where he led his own dance band. His first real break came when he entered the maritime service and won an amateur contest on the base. He was assigned to the station band and was heard twice a week on coast-to-coast CBS.

Tommy joined Spivak in 1946 after his discharge and remained for two happy years. Then Duchin beckoned from New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

He joined Ray in January last year and has been content ever since. "It's been great," he says. "Ray has given me a chance to sing both ballads and rhythm tunes and even choir numbers—gives you an opportunity to be versatile."

The other half of the duo, Marcie, is the best newcomer to big band singing we've heard in a long, long spell. She's pretty and personable, but not one of those little girls with large lungs and no voice so often hired by leaders to serve as window dressing. She was hired to sing, and sing she does, with a clear, happy sound and meticulous beat. And she spends hours listening to every Ella, Sinatra, Lee Wiley, and Mary Ann McCall record she can get her hands on so that she might study with whom she considers the masters.

Background

Though unheard-of before Anthony hired her, she's had a substantial singing background, including professional experience with Cleveland territory bands, Bob Strong, and a group called the Quintones.

Either Tommy or Marcie would be a great asset to any other band on the road today. In both of them, Anthony has a team that lends much authority to his claim that he possesses "America's Number One Band."

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Chords And Discords

The Johnny Holiday Story, As Seen From A Different Angle

To The Editors:

Chicago, Ill.
Your story by Jack Tracy "Every Day Is Holiday For Johnny After Long Wait" seems to me to put Johnny H., nee Parker, on a wrong tack. I realize this is not Tracy's slant entirely, as I have read in other trade columns the same line—"I was told to drop dead, I was a bum," etc. Johnny, perhaps unintentionally, is being unfair to a lot of persons in the business who never tell anyone to drop dead, or that they're a bum.

Johnny should remember—and has never once said—that I'm the guy whose phone he many a night tied up, and at whose apartment he was invited for two successive New Year's eves—and the guy who kept after him, and got him, to change his name!

It's only human, after we get a

break in this rat race, to want to rub it into the few who might have chided our efforts. But it's more healthy for ourselves—and the business—to recall those who, though they had no piece in the pie, took an interest in our personal projects.

I know a dozen guys who never told Johnny—or Danny—to drop dead, but instead tried to help him. Bill Putnam of Universal Recording is certainly one. Lee Egallnik, the Chicago publisher, is another. Jim Lounsbury, the WIND



Johnny Holiday

disc jockey is one more. Irv Victor, Bill Gersh, Johnny Roswick, Johnny's (Danny's) boy Dennis Farnon, Sid Mills, Cliff Parman—and, of course, the Mary Kay Trio who he says tied Billy Burton down to listen to him!

Having been on the road—and just now returning—I haven't seen him since his Capitol "break." But I have been reading these stories.

Lawdy, he used to tell me himself, for instance, how one Frankie Laine always took him out—and so did the Ames Brothers, he said—to give him some morale-building words.

If a few guys kicked him in the pants—maybe that was what he needed. I also heard him kick a few in the pants to me. Sometimes a kick can shove you up as much as a slap on the back—which in a good many cases doesn't do any more than give you a hack in the chest.
Tim Gayle

True Passion

Toledo, Ohio

To the Editors:

Down Beat is my favorite magazine. It is my favorite because it always has articles and very handsome pictures of Johnnie Ray. In my opinion, he is the greatest singer there is or ever will be. He sings with true passion. He has a style which surpasses all other singers.

Johnnie doesn't hide his feelings. If he did he wouldn't be as great as he is today. There'll never be a singer like Ray.
Dolores Fitzpatrick

Capitol Salute

Capitol Records, Inc.
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Hal Webman:

I have just finished reading the Sept. 10 issue of *Down Beat*. I want to thank you personally for the wonderful tribute you paid to us. I think, since you have taken over, you have given the *Beat* the spark it has needed to make it a real music magazine.

Glenn Wallichs
President

Starry-Eyed

Tokyo, Japan

To the Editors:

I would like very much to see pictures and read good stories on my old pal Katherine Starkes (better known as Kay Starr) like you had of the Ray Anthony, Billy May and Stan Kenton bands. I really enjoy this new look, but to add a spark, print some stories on Kathy.

Honestly *Beat*, I think you have really improved... In my opinion, you have almost reached the goal of perfection in your magazine.

Believe me, there are a lot of eagerly waiting fans out here for your issues, and they like I, are sort of tired of reading and eyeing Patti Page, Clooney, Crosby, Ray, Stafford, Lee, Vaughan, Fitzgerald, Armstrong, Laine, and a few more greats. We'd like some on "our gal."

Once your magazine starts featuring Kathy, then I will say you have reached the climax in your issues.

Keep up the good work *Beat*, and don't let us down. I'll keep up my reading and you can be sure that I'll be saving my two-bits every two weeks.

Cpl. V. De Rose

Norman's Grants

Chicago

To the Editors:

After reading J. Nelles' slam at JATP (August 13, Chords and Discords), I began to wonder what kind of a jazz fan is it that pays to hear, among other things, Flip Phillips' "unbearable sounds," then writes salty letters about same.

Surely Mr. Nelles must have had some idea of what to expect before shelling out four of his good Belgium dollars. Nelles, in calling the JATP audience "regular jukebox listeners who believe that Lionel Hampton has actually the greatest band in his career," obviously overlooked the fact that, without their support, JATP would not be able to travel abroad and, subsequently, a large portion of imported jazz would be cut off from the Belgians forever.

Stay Away

For those Belgians who prefer not to listen to a "poor" Eldridge or a "tired" Young, all they have to do is stay away! Nothing is compelling anti-JATPers to attend this or that concert and I'm sure Granz will not lose too much sleep over it.

Gibes like this one and countless others in the past have always irked me. Why knock JATP? Everybody, including the principles, knows that JATP is 75% showmanship and 25% musicianship. So what? You pay to be entertained, not educated. Leave education to Konitz, Brubeck, Mariano and Tristano—I'll take the crudeness, rashness and excitement of Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic.

Bob Perlonge

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Turning The Tables—XI

Here's A Jock With 160 Shows—All Sponsored

By AUNT ENNA

Howard Miller is a man who has almost as many outspoken convictions about the disc jockey business as he has listeners. And this would necessarily be a considerable number, as Miller is seemingly on Chicago air constantly. Actually it's only between five and six hours a day (only!!) distributed between three stations, but one sometimes gets a feeling of near-helplessness when idly spinning the dial and finding Miller all over it. It's not in the least unusual to hear him live on one station and taped on another at the same time.

He undoubtedly belongs on any list of the country's top jocks. To reach this position in just a couple of short years he has worked shrewdly and unceasingly at the job. Though he's spinning records on some 160 sponsored 15-minute segments a week, he still will allow no one else to do any of his programming. He selects each record for every show.

Hears All

And he listens to every record that's released, be it pop, jazz, hillbilly, or spiritual, from a major firm or an indie.

He holds a deep respect for his listeners and for his clients. His conception of disc jockey is "a man who certainly is no god and who has no business telling the public what it should or should not like. And he is also a salesman. There are no artistic clients. All they want to know is 'How many suits can you sell?'"

He drives an inexpensive car because "though I think I have enough money to own a Cadillac, the minute I do I'm in a world apart from the average person who listens to me. He regards me then not as a friend who plays records for him, but a guy who's cashing in on him."

Hates Payoff

He is death on payola. The payoff, he says, has done more to hurt the music and record business than any other factor in the last five years.

"I've had long meetings with publishers and record company executives begging them to quit this paying off to get plays," says Miller. "They're just building a big, ugly monster that can destroy them, and they're shunting off bad music on the public at the expense of good. They'll all get their share of hits over a year's time if they'll just relax. But by paying to get

all the junk played, they're discouraging people who hear the bad from buying any records at all." Miller has combined these and other beliefs over the last two years with some timely hunches and has parlayed them into a yearly income that doesn't have him worried about where tomorrow's breakfast is coming from.

He was the first jockey to get on Mario Lanza's *Be My Love*. Right after he played it the first time, a station exec called him in and suggested that the record was too far over listeners' heads, and that Howard forget about it. Howard didn't, and the record of course was a huge hit.

He introduced Patti Page's *Tennessee Waltz* to the area, and Tony Bennett's *Cold, Cold Heart*, and Al Martino, and Johnnie Ray.

Bad Moment

And Johnnie, incidentally, contributed to one of Miller's more embarrassing moments. Usually self-confident and equal to all occasions, Miller was completely nonplussed right after Ray hit big and decided to make his first-ever TV appearance on a Chicago show. Howard emceed.

Miller, during the course of events, presented Ray some sort of plaque, just like they'd rehearsed it that afternoon.

But Ray, apparently overcome, threw his arms about Miller, kissed him warmly on the cheek, and buried his head on Howard's shoulder.

Your old Aunt Enna saw the show. Miller looked petrified, to say the least.

Incidentally, there's another artist who owes a big vote of thanks to Miller. Howard uses Ziggy Elman's *Bublitcki* as opening and closing theme on most of his shows, thus the record gets played some 120 times every week. So many requests have been received for it that the side is now a standard seller, month after month, in the midwest.

If the guy gets any more shows, MGM's going to have to open another pressing plant just for *Bublitcki*.

Monica Lewis Aptly Cast In 'Remains To Be Seen'

By DON FREEMAN

La Jolla, Calif.—One of the neatest tricks of the week—at least the week that *Remains To Be Seen* was playing at La Jolla Playhouse—was Monica Lewis in her role of Jody Revere, a band singer in the Russel Crouse-Howard Lindsay comedy.

Monica, incidentally, is one of several former band vocalists who are taking a whack at the part created on Broadway by Janis Paige—the others being Fran Warren and Marilyn Maxwell.

As appropriate as it may seem for any ex-band chick to play Jody, Producer Mel Ferrer's choice of Monica provided a press agent's dream of coincidence. Except, oddly, that Monica forgot to inform the La Jolla press agent of said coincidence, tipping us off only on the final day of the show.

Enter Mr. Goodman

Anyway, one of the characters in the play is a suave attorney named Benjamin Goodman. As might seem natural, the singer mistakes him for someone else. After a confusing phone call from Goodman, she leaves her traveling band in the midwest and rushes to New York.

There are a number of complications, including murder, but finally Jody—Monica, that is—gets a chance to audition for the real Benny. How does it come out? "Well," she says with a shrug, "he told me to work hard for two or three years, and then maybe..."

That isn't what happened, Monica told us, when she really sang for Goodman some years back. Benny promptly hired her and she sang with the band at the Astor Roof in New York for two weeks.

"Then the band went on the road," she explained. "I was only 16, and my parents wouldn't let me go. So that was the end of



Monica Lewis

my experience with Benny Goodman—until now."

As not too many in the audience were aware, Monica did the singing in the record of *Somebody Stole My Gal* in the play. What she did was string along with Les Paul's electronics technique. First she found a Capitol disk of the song played by Sharkey Bonano's Dixieland group. Next she tape-recorded her vocal, accompanied by the trio employed on her armed forces radio show. The rest was a simple matter of dubbing on tape. Sounded great, too.

Although the venture at La Jolla was her stage debut, Monica is accustomed to audiences in supper clubs and movie houses, where she has made personal appearances

since becoming a film star. Both have their menaces, including in order, imbibing noise-makers and popcorn munchers.

"Audiences at plays are different," said Monica. "They're quieter and more attentive. And that helped a lot. Another big help was the fact that I could use singers' tricks to save my voice. With all the shouting and talking I have to do as Jody, I'd have been hoarse after the first act."

Curiously, Monica had a real life model for her characterization of Jody Revere, who is a kind of hipster with heart.

"She's a singer I used to know, this girl," said Monica. "She's from Ohio, and she used to sing pretty good at one time. You've probably heard of her. Her name? Oh, I couldn't tell you that."

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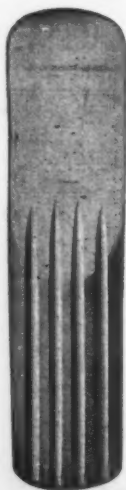
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D Di Pardo, Tony (Eddy's) Kansas City, Mo., r
Donahue, Al (Rice) Houston, 10/2-29, h
Dorsey, Jimmy (Statler) NYC, Out 10/18, h
Dorso, Michael (Cocacabana) NYC, nc

E Ellington, Duke (Earle) Philadelphia, Out 10/2, t; (Howard) Washington, D.C., 10/2-9, t
Ferguson, Danny (Robert Driscoll) Corpus Christi, Tex., Out 10/2, h; (Commodore Perry) Toledo, Ohio, 11/24-1/31/53, h
Fina, Jack (St. Francis) San Francisco, h
Finch, Mack (Flamingo) Lima, Ohio, nc
Fink, Charlie (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., Out 10/4; (Statler) Washington, D.C., Out 10/6, h
Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h
Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour) GAC
Foster, Chuck (Peabody) Memphis, Out 10/4, h
Foster, Sidney (Elbow Beach Surf) Paget, Bermuda, h

G Garber, Jan (On Tour) GAC
Gillespie, Dixie (Colonial) Toronto, In 10/18
Grave, Tony (Bamboo) NYC, nc
Hampton, Lionel (On Tour) ABC
Hawkins, Erskine (On Tour) MG
Hayes, Carlton (Desert Inn) Las Vegas, Nev., h
Hayes, Sherman (Muehlbach) Kansas City, Mo., h
Heckacher, Ernie (Fairmont) San Francisco, h
Hefti, Neal and Frances Wayne (On Tour) MCA
Herman, Woody (Palladium) Hollywood, Out 10/6, b; (On Tour) GAC
Hill, Tiny (On Tour) ABC
Hines, Earl (Oasis) Los Angeles, nc
Holmes, Jack (On Tour) JKA
Houston, Joe (On Tour) RMA

H Howard, Eddy (On Tour) MCA
Hudson, Dean (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., 10/7-20, h
Hunt, Pee Wee (Angelae) Omaha, Neb., Out 10/5

J Jacquet, Illinois (Trocaeria) Columbus, nc
James, Harry (Rustic Cabin) Englewood, N.J., 10/3-5
Jerome, Henry (Claridge) Memphis, Tenn., Out 10/9
Jordan, Louis (On Tour) GAC

K Kanney, Jay (Palomar Gardens) San Jose, Calif., b
Keene, Bob (Palladium) Hollywood, b
Kelly, Claude (Riverside) Green Bay, Wis., b
Kenton, Stan (On Tour) GAC
King, Wayne (On Tour) MCA

L La Salle, Dick (Plaza) NYC, h
Lande, Jules (Ambassador) NYC, h
Lewis, Ted (Roosevelt) New Orleans, 10/16-11/13, h
Lombardi, Guy (Roosevelt) NYC, h
Long, Johnny (On Tour) GAC

M Martier, Ralph (On Tour) GAC
Martin, Freddy (Ambassador) Los Angeles, h
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, h
May, Billy (Palladium) Hollywood, In 10/7, b
McCown, Mac (Jesse's Supper Club) Pine Bluff, Ark., nc
McCooy, Clyde (On Tour) GAC
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour) GAC
McKinley, Ray (On Tour) WA
Minnis, Bob (On Tour) JKA
Monroe, Vaughn (On Tour) WA
Morgan, Russ (Roosevelt) New Orleans, Out 10/18, h
Morrow, Buddy (Aragon) Chicago, Out 10/19, b

N Neighbors, Paul (Shamrock) Houston, Tex., Out 11/9, h; (Roosevelt) New Orleans, 11/13-1/7/53, h
O'Neal, Eddie (Palmer House) Chicago, Out 10/8, h; (Chase) St. Louis, 10/10-11/6, h
Otis, Hal (Gaiety Bar) Cheyenne, Mich.

P Palmer, Jimmy (On Tour) GAC
Pastor, Tony (On Tour) GAC
Perrault, Clair (Plantation Supper Club) Greensboro, N.C., nc
Perry, King (On Tour) RMA
Pettit, Emil (Versailles) NYC, nc
Phillips, Teddy (Jung) New Orleans, 11/26-12/31, h
Prima, Louis (Statler) NYC, 12/15-1/11/53, h

R Ranch, Harry (Deshler Wallick) Columbus, Out 10/1, h
Reed, Tommy (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., 10/28-11/17, h; (Statler) Buffalo, N.Y., 11/28-12/2, h; (Jung) New Orleans, In 12/31, h
Rosaes, Edgar (Palomar Gardens) San Jose, Calif., b
Rudy, Ernie (Schroeder) Milwaukee, Wis., Out 10/6, h; (On Tour) GAC

S Scott, Stewart (President) Kansas City, Mo., Out 10/4, h
Shafer, Freddy (On Tour) GAC
Smith, Jesse (King Philip) Wrentham, Mass., b

S Spanier, Muggsy (Frollicks) Columbus, Ohio, Out 10/12; (Rendezvous) Philadelphia, 10/15-29
Spivak, Charlie (Statler) Buffalo, 10/7-19, h; (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., 10/21/25, h; (Statler) NYC, 1/12/53-2/8, h
Strong, Benny (Mark Hopkins) San Francisco, Out 10/19, h
Sullivan, John (Town Lounge) Houston, Tex., nc

W Waples, Buddy (Saginaw) Saginaw, Mich., nc
Watkins, Sammy (Statler) Cleveland, h
Williams, Keith (On Tour) JKA
Williams, Sherman (On Tour) RMA
Winburn, Anna Mae (On Tour) RMA

Combos

A Armstrong, Louis (On Tour) ABC

B Blue Notes (Blue Note) Flushing, L. I., cl
Blue Notes Trio (Tara Hall) Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., h
Brown, Charles (On Tour) SAC
Brown, Hillard (Crown Propeller Lounge) Chicago
Butterfield, Billy (Blue Note) NYC, nc

C Cannon Trio, Don (Trading Post) Houston, Tex., pc
Carle Trio, Bette (Biloxi) Biloxi, Miss., h
Carroll, Barbara (Blue Note) Chicago, 10/16-23, nc
Cawley, Bob (Town House) Tulsa, Okla., r
Colella Quintette, Stan (Green Acres) Auburn, N. Y., nc

D Dacito (China Pheasant) Seattle, Wash., nc
Davis Trio, Bill (Birdland) NYC, Out 10/15, nc; (Blue Note) Chicago, 10/24, 10/16, nc
Davis Trio, Jackie (Showboat) Philadelphia, 10/6-18, nc
Davison Wild Bill (Club Savoy) Boston, nc
Dixieland Rhapsickers (Vagabonds) Miami, Fla., nc
Dominoes (On Tour) ABC

F Five Keys (Apollo) NYC, Out 9/25, t
Foots Trio, Jack (Sky Club) Battle Creek, Mich., nc
Franklin Quartet, Marty (Airport) Brooklyn, N. Y., nc
Fulson, Lowell (On Tour) SAC

G Getz, Stan (Black Hawk) San Francisco, 10/1-14, nc
Gibbs Quartette, Ralph (Stables) Biloxi, Miss., nc
Gordon, Roscoe (On Tour) SAC
Gordon, Stomp (Flamingo) La Crosse, Wis., Out 9/30, cl
Greco, Buddy (Blue Note) Chicago, Out 10/9, nc; (Times Square) Rochester, N. Y., 10/14-19, nc
Greer, Big John (On Tour) MG
Griffin Brothers (On Tour) SAC
Grooms, Duke (Bar Ritz) Chicago, Out 11/2, cl

H Harpa, Daryl (Claridge) Memphis, Tenn., h
Herrington, Bob (Clermont) Atlanta, Ga., h
Herth, Milt (Picadilly) NYC, h

H Hines Trio, Freddie (Chamberlain) Fort Monroe, Va., h
Hodges, Johnny (Colonial) Toronto, Out 10/4, nc; (Blue Note) Chicago, In 10/8, nc
Hope, Lynn (Showboat) Philadelphia, Out 10/4, nc; (Gleason's) Cleveland, 10/6-24, nc

I Ink Spots (Seville) Montreal, Out 10/2, t
Instrumentalists Trio (El Cortes) Las Vegas, Nev., h

K Kacher's Novel-Ayres Trio, Ned (Sky Club) Roseburg, Oreg., nc
Kent Trio, Ronnie (Elk's Club) Walla, Walla, Wash.
Keys (Lou's Maravian) Philadelphia
Krupa Trio, Gene (On Tour) ABC
Kubiak's Rhythmaires Trio, Wally (San Carlos) Yuma, Ariz., h

L Lynn Trio, June (Sarnes) Hollywood, r

M McKinley Quartette, Red (Melody Inn) Roseburg, Oreg., nc
McPartland, Marian (Embers) NYC, nc
Mann, Mickey (Kalamazoo) Kalamazoo, Mich., cc
Masters Dream-Aires, Vick (Saguaro Club) Flagstaff, Ariz., Out 10/1, nc
Meyer, Ricky (Famous Tap) Chicago, nc
Morris, Joe (Orchid Room) Kansas City, 10/17-28

N Nocturnes (Statler) NYC, h

O Orioles (On Tour) SAC

P Palmer's Dixieland Six, Singleton (Play-dium Centerfield Lounge) E. St. Louis, Ill., cl
Patterson Quartet, Pat (Air Force Club) Moncton, N. B., Canada, pc
Powers, Pete (Melville) Halifax, Nova Scotia, nc; (Tona) Hubbard, Nova Scotia, nc

Q Quaddettes (Club Moderne) Chicago

R Rhythmaires Trio (Gallagher's) Philadelphia, Quebec, Canada, h
Ries Sereaders (Elks Lodge) Duluth, Minn., pc
Rist Bros. Trio (Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn) Las Vegas, Nev.

R Rocco Trio, Buddy (Syracuse) Syracuse, N. Y., h
Rodgers Quintette, Dave (Commercial) Elko, Nev., h
Rollini Trio, Adrian (New Yorker) NYC, h
Roth Trio, Don (President) Kansas City, In 10/6, h

S Sehenk, Frankie (Paramount) Albany, Ga., nc
Shearing, George (On Tour) SAC
Simmons, Del (London Chophouse) Detroit
Smith's Rampart Street Ramblers, Joe (Windermere Bar) St. Louis, Mo., cl
South, Eddy (Town House) Milwaukee, Out 10/13
Stanton, Bill (Chi Chi) Catalina, Calif., Out 10/15, nc
Starnotes (Sherman) San Diego, h

T Thompson Trio, Bill (Colonial) Hagerstown, Md., h
Tipton Trio, Billy (Tram) Sun Valley, Idaho, cl
Two Beaux and a Peep (On Tour) MCA

V Vega Trio, Al (Hi Hat) Boston, nc
Velvetones (Chicagoan) Chicago, h

W Washburn Trio, Charlene & Milt (Moore Club) Spokane, Wash., nc

Singles

B Belafonte, Harry (Thunderbird) Las Vegas, 10/2-15, h
Bennett, Tony (Cocacabana) NYC, 10/8-29, nc
Cole, Nat (On Tour) GAC
Damon, Vic (U.S. Army)
Daniels, Billy (Ches Parer) Montreal, In 10/14, nc
Eckstine, Billy (On Tour) WMA
Gomez, Vicente (La Zambra) NYC, nc
Hamilton, Sam (Byline) NYC, nc
Hug, Armand (Wohl) New Orleans, h
Mercer, Mabel (Byline) NYC, nc
Robie, Chet (Sherman) Chicago, h
Sinatra, Frank (Chase) St. Louis, Mo., In 10/3, h
Sutton, Ralph (Condon's) NYC, nc
Vaughan, Sarah (On Tour) MG
Walter, Cy (Little Club) NYC, nc

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The Blindfold Test

Frankie Flips For Jo's 'Jambalaya'

By LEONARD FEATHER

The usual procedure in conducting the blindfold tests is a simple one. After the record is played I ask the interviewee to talk informally to me, to disregard the presence of a microphone and a tape recorder.

Frankie Laine, though, was exceptionally meticulous in choosing his words. Conscious all along that he would be quoted, he announced his lengthy verdict on each disc almost as if he were reading from a prepared script. The comments that follow represent a distillation of Frankie's opinions, which were as long as they were honest.

The Records

1. This happens to be a gentleman whom I consider one of the greatest entertainers and musicians, Louis Jordan. His interpretation on this is not only very good, but very different for Louis, because I think very few people have heard him sing ballads; and he knocks me out no matter what he does. I was very happy to hear him with a really big band behind him, for the first time in I don't know how long, and I also was very happy with the whole background.

The commercial value is something that I hesitate to say on any record. I have now come to that point where I say: Make it! Put it out! See what happens! But if it were a question of my buying this record—I'd buy it! All in all, I'd give it three and half stars.

2. This sounds to me like something I would have loved to do. I think his interpretation was wonderful and I'm almost sure that it's a boy named Rusty Draper, the lad out in San Francisco that everybody's been hearing so much about lately. I think he sings great.

A lot of people have been saying that he sounds an awful lot like me, but from what I have heard I think that he sounds more like Johnnie Ray. The material is more what you have been accustomed to hearing Carl and myself do, but I think that if this had been a song more in Johnnie Ray's pattern you would think he sounds more like Johnnie.

However, be that as it may, I like the record very much. I was crazy about the arrangement. Whoever made it did a wonderful job on it, and of course anything today that has a Latin flavor has a tremendous potentiality, because today that seems to be a big vogue, and rightly so. I'd be inclined to give this one four.

3. Well, I've been racking my brain for as long as that record lasted to remember the title—it sounds awfully familiar to me... I can't remember the title of it.

I like the interpretation; I don't think that it has a tremendous commercial value, at least not for me. I suppose the boys who made the record and who might read this will be awfully mad at me, but I want to be as honest as I can for as much as I know about it.

It could very well be, you know, that everything they're doing on this record just happens to be way beyond my musical knowledge—I'd give it two stars.

4. It's Hamp, or somebody trying awfully hard to sound like Hamp. I think that Hamp is one of the greatest and most sensitive musicians around even though most of the time he's playing in such a bombastic fashion, which is necessary if you know this business. He's a smart enough showman to know that most people can't be as sensitive as most musicians, so he just plays what he feels that they might like.

I don't know who the vocalist is, but this particular type of vocal always fractures me no matter who does it. I think the greatest exponents of this particular style are Dinah Washington in the female vein and Ivory Joe Hunter in the male. The interpretation is wonderful, but I do think that he got carried away a little bit in spots here and there, and that the band overshadowed the singer.

The artistic appeal to me was wonderful. Commercially I think this will do very successfully in the race market, but only by a freak, maybe, will it break into the pop field. For myself alone, and I don't



Mr. and Mrs. Laine and friend.

quibble, I give this three stars.

5. Well, Leonard, for me, Nat Cole can do no wrong, even on a song like this... I like it. I'm very sorry now that a year ago, when we got a copy of the song, we couldn't find room for it. I could have done with a change of pace of this kind... I think everybody should have a little change of pace and I think that this wasn't out of line for him to do. You never can tell, he might reach a lot of people that maybe he never appealed to before, although for myself, I can't understand how there could be any people that Nat Cole doesn't appeal to.

I give it three stars because it's Nat.

6. This one's puzzling to me... I don't know who the band is... I don't know who the group is... I don't know who the male vocalist is. I do happen to know the song! This song did not lend itself to this type of interpretation. The eccentricity of tempo and arrangement probably scared the lad a little; he's probably much more of a singer than this record shows. He sounds a lot like Billy Eckstine in the deeper parts, but there's quite a few people around that always sound like somebody else and I'd hesitate to make a guess at this particular guy.

This was a tremendous effort at trying to do something different and to capture the imagination of the listening public—on that basis alone I'd give it three stars, but for my own personal appeal—I'd give it two.

7. This gentleman is one of the top artists in the country no matter what type of song he does. I think Woody Herman is always striving for perfection and ideas—great interpretations. I was especially intrigued by the trombone bit because I was always crazy about those things. They always knocked me out and I was happy to see it used here. This is a little bit different from what I've heard Woody do—I like Woody on things like blues and lovely little ballads that he does so well.

The artistic appeal in this instance is humorous, and so you can't rate it high in a classy way, unless you bend way over backwards. The commercial value is something that might appeal to a small segment of people who like a little humor along with their music and probably the Woody Herman fans—it should—because I'm one and have been for a long time.

I've given this three stars.

8. I happened to be at the session when this was made, and to me it was one of the most wonderful things I have ever heard. In fact, when I heard this record being made I was sick that Mitch Miller hadn't given me the song. But as long as I didn't get it I would rather see nobody else get it than Jo Stafford, because she has been one of my favorite people—one of my favorite singers, for quite some time

Records Reviewed by Frankie Laine

Frankie was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Louis Jordan. *There Goes My Heart* (Decca).
2. Rusty Draper. *Devil Of A Woman* (Mercury).
3. Stan Getz. *The Best Thing For You Is Me* (Roost).
4. Lionel Hampton. *Crying* (MGM). Sonny Parker, vocal.
5. Nat Cole. *You Will Never Grow Old* (Capitol).
6. Joe Costa. *All The Things You Are* (Victor).
7. Woody Herman with Duke Ellington's Orchestra. *Cowboy Rhumba* (Columbia). Quentin Jackson, trombone.
8. Jo Stafford. *Jambalaya* (Columbia).
9. Spade Cooley. *Singin' The Devil's Dream* (Decca).
10. Joe Bushkin. *If I Had You* (Columbia). Buck Clayton, trumpet; Bushkin, piano.

now.

I love her ideas, I love her voice, I love her trueness and clarity of tone, plus the fact that back in 1947 she was the very first one to ever give me a chance to sing on a major coast to coast program, when she had the Chesterfield Supper Club, and that goes a long way with me, because I have never forgotten that she was the first one to offer me a spot. When we were listening to the playback of this, Jo said she was pretty pleased with the way she had said "Son of a gun!" on the record, because the way I slur things sometimes on records had given the idea to her—which was to me a very wonderful compliment.

You told me not to give any record five stars unless I really flip and this one flipped me on the session. Only one little thing. Some of the listening public might be a little troubled by trying to figure out what some of the words are unless they see it printed. Five stars!

9. You have been playing very wonderful records for me all day, which kind of makes things easy for me. This sounds to me like it might be Paul Nero or Florian Zabach. The man who plays the steel guitar in the back could be Speedy West, whom we use a lot on the west coast when we get a western sound. He does a wonderful job. I think the band on this was wonderful and got a real good swinging feeling.

I thought where they used that last change of tempo, and used the drums to find it for him and steady the whole thing for the fiddler, was very well done and very smoothly done.

Whether it was Paul or Florian, the fiddle was very good. This might have more of an artistic appeal than some of the other records that you played today—simply because a lot of people may feel that the fiddle is more artistic, than some vocals or other instrumentals. The commercial value is a guess again, though it might capture the public's imagination like *Hot Canary* or *Fiddle Faddle*. Three stars.

10. These are the kind of things that we don't hear much of these days and I don't hear enough of. I like the feel of these quiet, slow tunes and I wish that I had more opportunity to make a few sides with this kind of a combination now and then, because it has the feeling of doing a little quiet, personal, intimate kind of session, for your own kicks more than anything else, and you don't get much of a chance to do that these days.

I have no idea who it is. I like the piano—I like the trumpet except for one note which I didn't understand, and I think the feeling was just wonderful and relaxed and of course the song is an oldie and one of the standards: I hope someday I might have a chance to make it, and I hope what I make on it turns out to feel as good as this one.

The interpretation was very good again. My personal reaction, I guess you know by this time, is excellent. The artistic appeal probably will be very strong for those who still feel strong about the easy swing which was so prominent around 32nd Street a few years ago and which isn't too prominent any more.

The commercial value will be excellent for these very same people, but for the general public, with vocals such a dominating factor these days, I don't know how well it would do in the present record market.

For my own feel I give it three stars.

This Is Zig?

Hollywood — Ziggy Elman, great trumpet ace of the Goodman era (he has one side of a room in his home covered with Down Beat plaques), is forever showing his versatility. His most recent adventure involves his donning a cowboy suit and working as a sideman in the combo which backs hill-billy favorite Jimmy Wakely on his new weekly KNTX video series.

Terry Gilkyson

(Jumped from Page 8)

tunes run the gamut from the rousing to the morbid.

Gilkyson, an exceptionally rapid writer, was one of the first writer "guinea pigs" for a record business practice which has now become more or less common. He was commissioned by record men to produce tailor-made material for certain of their artists. His first such assignment was for the first Laine-Jo Stafford record date. The result was *Gambella*. And Gilkyson's prime patron has been Mitch Miller, now of Columbia Records.

Literate Good-looker

The writer-singer is quite a handsome chap, as the picture accompanying this story will testify. He also is quite a literate person whose tastes are far beyond the reach of the average. He is particularly fond of the classics, with Tchaikovsky his pet composer—"he wrote wonderful melodies," Bach's Chorales rank high on his list of his favored music.

Gilkyson, being a folk-minded guy, has a natural interest in the early jazz periods, in particular fond of early blues. Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong's Brunswick and Okeh records are among his favorites. Duke Ellington's early records represent his favorite instrumental music of a pop or jazz variety.

"I love Duke's *East St. Louis Toodle-oo*—love his piano solo on the original record," added Gilkyson.

Escape Guy

"In my own field, the greatest is Burl Ives. It's a shame Burl doesn't stick to pure folk. And then there's the Josh White. He's wonderful."

His greatest advocate is music man Brady, with whom Gilkyson now shares his own publishing firm. Brady describes Gilkyson as an "escape guy."

"That Gilkyson guy loves fishing. He just hightails it for the wide open spaces when he gets the urge. And no one can find him—except me, that is. But he's the greatest songwriter in the business. He's only been doing it for four years. Give him some time and he'll be right up there with the guys who have the top reputations."

Gilkyson recently bought a home in California in Sherman Oaks, just outside of Hollywood. Among his neighbors are the Frankie Laine. Concluded Gilkyson:

"I'm only down the road from Frankie—I want to be right there if he needs me."

No Europe Tour Yet For Lady Day

New York—Billie Holiday's European tour, which was to have started Oct. 12, has been postponed indefinitely.

Nixing of the deal is said to be an indirect result of Dick Haymes' income tax difficulties, since Haymes and Billie were to have played some dates together in England. Dick, as reported in the Sept. 24 *Beat*, can't leave the

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Shearing Mulling Plans To Revitalize Quintet

By NAT HENTOFF

Boston—"I know," said George Shearing, "that I could use a change of formula, but I don't intend to be scared into adopting change just for the sake of change."

Shearing had interrupted his vacation to take a three-day date at Storyville in East Gloucester in the middle of August and it was there that he discussed his present plans and problems.

"I'm aware," he continued, "that *Simplicity* and *Five O'Clock Whistle* have done better than most of the recent records because they were somewhat different. But bookings are still good; we still draw capacity crowds, so there's no panic.

"It's a difficult problem," Shearing said slowly. "There is the danger that you can cater to the general audience too long and so become sterile. There is the other danger that you can become so advanced that no one will come to hear you. I've always believed it possible to play the requests and still slip a new number in once in a while."

Some New Ideas

Shearing does have some plans for experiments in his recordings. He has an elaborate sound system in his home and has been working with the idea of taping multiple quintet sides. He also has plans for recording with strings and woodwinds.

And a forthcoming MGM album, as revealed in the Sept. 10 *Beat*, will feature Shearing as a classical soloist. "I'm going to record *Claire de Lune*, Debussy's *Arabesque*, *Number One*, Cyril Scott's *Lotus Land*, some compositions by an English musician and friend of mine, Alfred Hickman, and some originals.

"The originals are six miniatures that I originally wrote for my wife to encourage her to return to the piano. They include a cradle song, gavotte, romance, a two-part invention according to the rules, a waltz and a study in octaves for the left hand."

He's Cautious

Shearing has received an invitation to perform the Schumann A minor piano concerto with a major symphony orchestra in December, but he won't accept unless he finds the time to master the score.

"The first part of my vacation I memorized 250 bars out of 871, and that using an antiquated Braille score. Whether I'll have the time to do the rest even with a better copy, I don't know. I certainly will do this right or not at all."

A major part in Shearing's fu-

ture plans will be taken by vocalist Teddy King, who recently cut four sides with the quintet. "She's really an amazing musician," Shearing said, "and one with a lot of poise. That record session lasted three hours and she didn't make a single fluff, though we committed several. She's going to appear with us more and more frequently."

They Know What's Best

As a high-fidelity addict, Shearing is aesthetically not too happy with the leveling off of highs on his records. "But," he pointed out with characteristic business sense, "I'm told by the company that that juke box sound is important for sales. MGM has been very cooperative

and if I insisted, I could have a recording sound that would please the hi-fis. But I figure MGM knows what it's doing."

Shearing continues to be much impressed with the advances of Brubeck and Tristano, both of whom he regards as setting the criteria for what the jazz of the future will be. "It has become difficult," he said "to discuss them objectively because the stand you take on either or both seems to be so emotional a thing with so many people. All I'll say is that both have extremely constructive minds and imaginations, particularly in the way they create lines for ensembles."

Jimmy Ryan Sounds A Blue Note In NYC

New York—Jimmy Ryan, noted 52nd Street night club owner, opened a new spot here Sept. 6, the Blue Note, at 227 W. 46th street, former site of the defunct Habibi club.

Billy Butterfield was set to open the spot with a combo including Ernie Caceres. Pianist Frankie Froeba, now on staff at WNEW, will spell the Butterfielders.



MEETING IN SWEDEN in this picture are two famous American vocal groups, the Deep River Boys (standing) and the Delta Rhythm Boys, whose paths crossed in the town of Gävle. Deeps, long established favorites with European audiences, opened Aug. 4 at the London Palladium. Delas, in addition to their continental touring, have been stopping long enough to slice records in Swedish, Finnish, Italian and French.

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Video Dance Party Deserves Quick Return To Airwaves

New York—The NBC Saturday Night Dance Party went off the air just before Labor Day. If it didn't expire in a blaze of glory, at least it can be said that it had made impressive steps during its regrettably brief tenure as a summer replacement show.

In fact, the Dance Party had developed from a 30-minute monstrosity into a 90-minute musical. Having tripled its original length without tripling the quantity of extraneous matter, it had actually become a medium for the presentation and exploitation, under favorable conditions, of an impressive string of large and small instrumental outfits.

Most Impressive

Perhaps the most impressive show during the final few weeks was Lionel Hampton's. The band's instrumental numbers and the appearances by Maxine Sullivan and the Calypso Teen Aces group were all impressive.

Ralph Flanagan, Tony Pastor and Johnny Long all acquitted themselves creditably, too. And every week, in addition to the big

band, there would be Muggsy Spanier's combo or the Shearing Quintet or Slim Gaillard's new outfit, making an appearance in each half-hour segment.

Enterprising Ventures

There were such enterprising ventures as the reunion of Jimmy Dorsey's band with his two former vocal stars, Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly—engineered, we suspect, by George Simon, whose hip hand was detectable in many of the show's better moments.

Altogether, there were far more plus than minus moments, and the latter could be attributed largely to the presence of Jerry Lester as emcee. His work consisted mainly of laughing impishly at his own humor and saying "Wonderful!"



THIS FAMOUS THREESOME was reunited for the TV Dance Party: Jimmy Dorsey and his ex-vocalists Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly.

three times after each act. Half his jokes seemed to be concerned with the failure of the other half to get laughs.

Given less Lester and a continuation of the greatly improved presentation of the music, this show could and should build into a permanently valuable showcase for music on television. It's too bad that just as it had hit its stride it had to go off the air. Another spot should be found for it as soon as possible.

—len

Opening Delayed At H'wd Statler

Hollywood—The Statler Hotel's opening here has been set back from mid-September to mid-October because of some last minute construction difficulties. The change in opening stirred some talk that Xavier Cugat would lose the prize booking. But these reports have been roundly denied by MCA brass, who will collect the commissions for the date.

MCA, incidentally, is well set in the new Statler room with Dorothy Shay, Hildegard and Victor Borge among those slated to follow Cugie.

Beneke Band Jumps While MGM Platters Gather Dust

By TED HALLOCK

Portland, Oregon—Tex Beneke wants out, of MGM that is.

"The sooner the better," says Texas, relating a sad tale of no promotion, no record sales, and just plain no concern over his band's potential and future. This is news from an essentially quiet-tempered guy, with bad words for practically nobody, at least publicly.

Discussing the unreleased MGM sides he had, and what tunes, Tex surmised: "I really don't know. It may be six or eight, or more. Frankly it's been so long since we cut them I've forgotten what they are. They are just not pushing my records. It would be good to walk into a coffee shop sometime and see a Beneke record on the jukebox. Between Portland and Salt Lake City I didn't find one. Just Anthony, Anthony, Anthony."

No Push

"It's nothing personal. I like the MGM people; they are very nice with money and arranging recording dates, studios, etc., but there's

no push. If a picture comes out with a few of my tunes in it, then out come the records. Otherwise, nothing. I want to go with a smaller company, like Les Brown's deal with Coral. I want some firm that will get out in the dust and shove my discs. I won't go back with Victor. I don't care for them."

Since a dearth of news has surrounded Tex recently, you might not know it, but Beneke's band is jumping. The Miller influence is definitely diminishing. Beneke has new arrangers and sidemen. He plays Glenn's tunes mostly in medleys of six to eight ditties, only when requested, "to get them out of the way." Because his original Miller library was confiscated by Don Haynes, he's playing most Miller originals from 75-cent stocks, which "are note for note the things Glenn played."

Says It's The Best

Tex calls his current band "the best in seven years," and it sounds like it. When people criticize the transition from clarinet-led reeds to swing he steadfastly maintains: "The fallacy is that Glenn would have stood still. He wouldn't have. He would have been the most progressive bandleader today, except that people would always be able to understand what he was doing. We play with a semblance of the Miller idea on slow things and with definitely forward-looking ideas on up-tempo."

A few months ago, while in Philadelphia, Beneke received two scores from a Birmingham, Alabama youth, Marion Evans. When he got around to trying them, in the midwest, Tex was so impressed that he wired Evans to "write all he could." The band now has 12 Evans scores and Tex says they'll use all they can get.

Happy With His Men

Tex Beneke is still a very easy guy to make it with. He covered five disc jockeys in two hours, patiently re-told his life story five times (how he fought "the battle of Norman, Oklahoma" during the war). He's happy with his sidemen, most of them unknowns. His *S'Wonderful* and *Wedding Of The Painted Doll* are selling well.

Beneke did have one other gripe, against bus companies who charter their vehicles to dance bands. "They ask a 1000-mile guarantee per week, at 50 cents a mile. If we played a week in one city it would cost us about \$500 a week to keep the bus parked back of the ballroom. So we finally bought our own bus in July."

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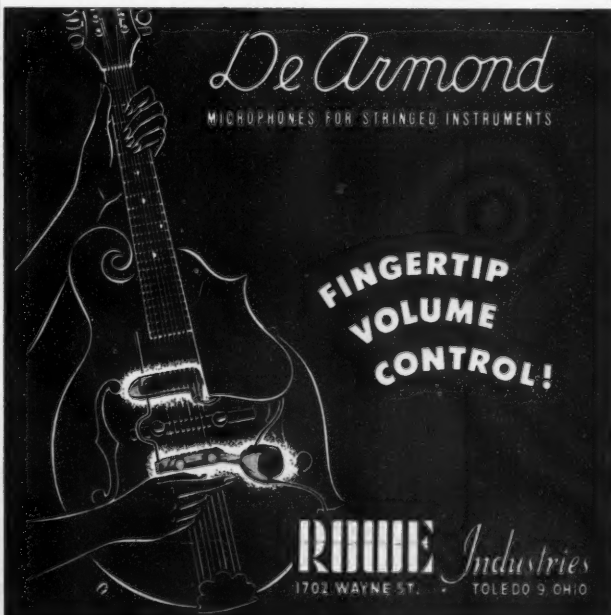
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Terry Gilkyson's Unique Career: From Society Lad To Cowboy To Hit Writer

By HAL WEBMAN

Someday they'll make a movie based on the life of Terry Gilkyson. His story already has taken ideal shape for a typical Hollywood production—member of the "400," cafe society scion, throws the whole thing over for a guitar and the wide open spaces, becomes a folk singer, a great songwriter, and much to his own chagrin, finds himself making all kinds of money all over again.

That's the story in a nutshell. Of course, there are plenty of sundry details. Like how Gilkyson found that among folk singers there is an unwritten law—one folk singer's repertoire is exclusive to that singer, though almost all of these songs are public domain, or are no longer subject to copyright restrictions. A second singer would not do the first singer's tunes without special permission or acknowledgement from the first singer.

He ran into a practice called song bartering. This actually involved trading songs or interpretations with other singers. "Call it honor among singers, if you will," says Terry.

"Goose" Hit High

It's possible that you may not have heard of Terry Gilkyson. It's quite unlikely that you haven't heard his songs. He first popped up on the scene noticeably in January, 1950, when Frankie Laine recorded a song of his called *The Cry Of The Wild Goose*. From then on there have been such ditties as *Gambella*, *Fast Freight*, *Christopher Columbus*, *The Girl In The Wood*, *The Day Of Jubilo*, and most recently, *Rock Of Gibraltar*. There have been 80 others, some adaptations of traditional folk airs, in the four years since Gilkyson was discovered.

In the Hollywood tradition, Gilkyson is a writer without a musical education. He writes his lyrics first, then frames a melody for his words, writes the melody down in a home-made short-hand number system, makes a demonstration record of the completed song, doesn't write a lead sheet. His publisher takes the song down off the demonstration; that's how they're able to publish his product.

High Society

Gilkyson, of course, also is a singer. He owns a Decca recording contract, but has not yet connected with a disc that has been able to shake loose. He recently made his first movie, *Slaughter Trail*, for which he wrote the score.

Gilkyson was born near Valley Forge in 1916 in a town called Mont Clare, Pa. His father owned and still does own an insurance company. His mother owned the local newspaper. And his name was

Hamilton Henry Gilkyson III. The family was high society, with branches extending into the arts, mostly poetry and painting.

Until 1938, Terry lived the swell life, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. In college, he got the wandering itch. And when he graduated he decided to become a cowboy. In 1938, Terry travelled to Tucson, Ariz., got a job on a dude ranch. While he was on this job, Gilkyson first was introduced to cowboy songs. And in the same year, he began to write his first songs, all of them cowboy songs.

The Trusty Guitar

After a year of roughing it, Gilkyson came back home to work for his father in the insurance business, presumably to settle down for life.

But the War spoiled his family's plans. Terry, a member of the cav-



Terry Gilkyson

alry of the Pennsylvania National Guard, went into the Army Air Corps in 1941 and remained in the service for five years. He took his trusty guitar with him wherever he went and claims "I learned a great lesson about folk song origins."

After his Army stint, Gilkyson wound up in California where he took his first vocal lessons. He married shortly afterwards a girl who served as a legal secretary at the

Nuremberg Trials.

Things didn't go well for Gilkyson on the Coast. Rather than return home and determined to make his mark musically, Gilkyson wound up selling water for a bottling company in Los Angeles. He sold door-to-door until Sept. 1948, when he and his songs somehow came to the attention of the American Music Company.

Still, nothing happened until a year later when Wally Brady joined this music publishing firm as professional manager. Brady became entranced with Gilkyson's writings and tried every stunt in the book to sell the songs, but failed. Brady's big pitch was *Wild Goose*. Bing Crosby turned the song down. Vaughn Monroe turned it down. Everyone turned it down.

Everyone but Mitch Miller, who

then was working for Mercury Records and had started some sort of trend with his whip-snapping production of *Mule Train* as rendered by Frankie Laine. *Goose* was intended as the follow-up, and, of course, the *Goose* did right well. Laine's record hit in January, 1950, and from that point the door opened for Gilkyson.

"Little King"

Gilkyson's song output has been as varied as the classification of "folk" could suggest. Those who know Gilkyson and his work are particularly enamored of a song called *Little King*, which in song circles is taboored as "uncommercial" but which is certainly one of the most touching ballads about children and God that has been produced in our time. The other

(Modulate to Page 17)

Spotlight on RAY POHLMAN



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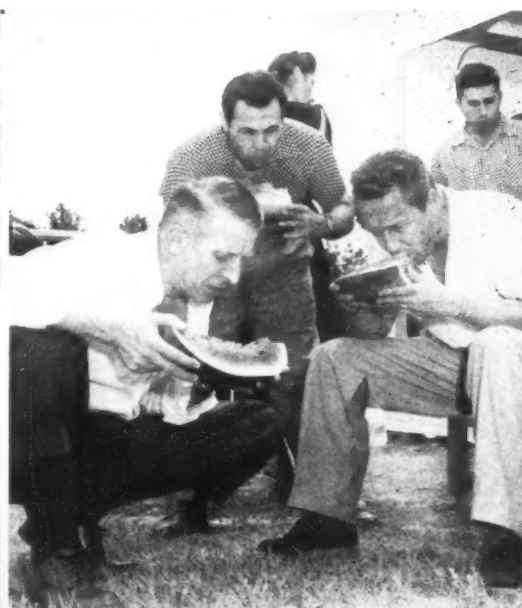
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Records in the popular and rhythm-and-blues sections of interest from the musical standpoint are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Ratings

★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

POPULAR

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting a double sharp (##).

Ray Anthony

- ★★★★ Randle's Island
★★★★ Marilyn

Randle, (dedicated, to deejay Bill Randle) is an easy-on-the-ears instrumental by George Williams, slightly reminiscent of *Sentimental Journey*. Pleasant muted horn work by Ray and a strong build-up finale. The Shirl-Drake *Marilyn*, despite the inspiration of La Belle Monroe that produced it, is not a world-shaking piece of material. It's adequately performed with Tommy Mercer and the Skyliners featured. (Capitol 2207.)

John Arcesi

- ★★ Moonlight Brings Memories
★★ Wild Honey

Arcesi, who will be best remembered when he was called Don D'Arcy, makes his Cap debut with a couple of a fairish cuttings. *Honey* is the stronger entry, a big ballad sung in a voice and style strongly reminiscent of Herb Jeffries. (Capitol 2206.)

Connie Boswell-Artie Shaw

- ★★★★ My Little Nest Of Heavenly Blue
★★ Where There's Smoke There's Fire

Credited to Franz Lehar and Sigmund Romberg, *My Little Nest* will be better known to many as the song mate-

representative, if not fully satisfying.

Russ Case's backgrounds don't get in the way, are restrained, tasty. (Mercury MG 25163.)

Doris Day

- ★★★★ Somebody Loves Me
★★★★ Just One of Those Things

Things amounts to a coverage because of Peggy Lee's recording which lit up the tune anew. Doris sings it well and is backed up superlatively by a Les Brownish arrangement by ex-Brown man Frank Comstock. A dainty modern piano bit, possibly Brown's Geoff Clarkson, helps sustain the interlude between vocal refrains.

Somebody, being employed as a movie title for the coming Betty Hutton flicker, likewise is done with extreme good taste. A brief but handsome tenor bit, sounds like Dave Pell, shines in the instrumental break. A genuinely good musical pop with Doris in peak form! (Columbia 39200.)

Billy Eckstine

- ★★★★ Because You're Mine
★★★★ Early Autumn

Billy brings to light the attractiveness of *Mine* as a song, a rather attractive melody mated with an alliterative lyric. B. does a first rate job with it, but he has to buck a guy named Lanza on the song and will probably wind up playing second fiddle to Mario. *Autumn*, of course, is the Ralph Burns melody fitted with fine Johnny Mercer words; Billy tries a little too hard to make something of it, result is just another Eckstine record, nothing special. (MGM 11301.)

Percy Faith

Jungle Fantasy
Caribbean Night
Wow-Wow-Wow

Red Foley-Roberta Lee

- ★★★★ Don't Believe Everything You Hear
★★★★ I Gotta Have You

This is actually a country record. But the material and performance are such that they could easily fall into the pop market. *Don't Believe* is an exceptionally clever boy-girl novelty, borrowed only lightly from the sextet from *Lucia*; *Gotta Have You* is an above average country blues.

Foley is one of the finest natural singers in the nation, has a tremendous sense of time and beat, and possesses a rich and resonant quality. Roberta is a jack-of-all-styles, holds down her end of the duet in standout fashion. Backing is typical country strings, mainly guitars. (Decca 28343.)

Dolores Gray

- ★★ Say You'll Wait For Me
★★ Crazy He Calls Me

Good competent jobs on both songs by Dolores. *Wait* is an Italian import with new English lyrics. *Crazy* is a revival of a fine song that stirred a small amount of noise via a Billie Holiday recording about three years ago.

The latter is a first-rate ballad with more literate lines than is usually found in the average Tin Pan Alley product. (Decca 28336.)

Dick Haymes

- ★★ That's the Last Tear
★★ Tinsel and Gold

Haymes breezes deftly through a Tin Pan Alley hillbilly bounce tune, *Tear*, and should do himself more good commercially than he's been able to do for some time. *Tinsel* is another phoney hillbilly that passes on the wisdom that it's just as easy to dream of gold as it is to dream about—guess what? It's a shame that Haymes' unquestionably fine talents remain submerged in such second rate material. (Decca 28361.)

Johnny Holiday

- ★★ Over Somebody Else's Shoulder
★★ If We Should Never Meet Again

Newcomer Holiday shows some good qualities on *Meet*. *Shoulder* is a passable slicing of a fairly routine tune. Denny Farnon furnished the tasty backgrounds. (Capitol 2201.)

Harry James-Toni Harper

- ★★ The Melancholy Trumpet
★★ Goin' Home

Young Miss Harper joins James on the *Trumpet* item, a pleasant trifle which does more for Harry than it does for the fine teen-age thrush. *Home* is a repetitious bluesy item which builds a beat largely due to the excellent Ray Coniff arrangement. Harry blows a small amount of his usually rich adept, skillful horn, while Jud Conlan's Rhythmaires serve up the lyrics. (Columbia 39846.)

Mitch Miller

- ★★★★ Meet Mister Callaghan
★★★★ How Strange

Mitch treats *Callaghan*, as you might expect, with harpsichord and French horns featured, chorus very faintly heard in the background. Despite the tremendous competition on this instrumental, his version should do well.

Strange is not the tune from *Idiot's Delight* but a similarly titled, similarly minor-keyed opus from *Bullfighter and the Lady*, credited to Victor Young and Peggy Lee. The chorus makes a larger contribution on this side, singing wordlessly to aid what is, in effect, a superior instrumental. (Columbia 39851.)

Lorry Raine

- ★★ You Can't Hurt Me Anymore
★★ This Night For Love

One of these days, Lorry is going to have herself a smash record. Not because she's a great talent—she's a reasonably good pop singer with no particular style. But because she has a fighting guy selling her, grooming her, producing her records with an eye toward her failings. The guy also happens to be her husband.

He is one of the writers on *Love*, in this case would have done better by letting his own song go by the wayside in favor of stronger material. *Hurt* is a professional Tin Pan Alley ballad decked out in a neat arrangement, sung pleasantly by Lorry. This one got the extra star mainly for the pluck of the family. (Universal.)

John Raitt

- ★★ Because You're Mine
★★ The Song Angels Sing

The two major tunes from the forthcoming Mario Lanza movie provide Raitt, a Broadway show singer, with material for his disc debut. *Mine* is the title song, *Angels* is based on Brahms Third Symphony, third movement. Lanza is likely to carry one or the other or both to prominence and this very upstanding competitive version of the same coupling should catch a small share, if only for the titles. (Decca 28337.)

Johnnie Ray

- ★★★★ Faith Can Move Mountains
★★★★ Love Me

The Weeper should have a two-faced hit on this record. It certainly is his best try since the *Cry* days. The sharp is for *Love Me*, an above average rhythm tune which is handled not only with rhythmic prowess by Ray, but also makes splendid, if near-hidden use of Mundell Lowe's guitar, the remainder of a rocking rhythm section and the Four Lads, who blend well this time. *Faith* is the ballad side and Johnnie puts all of his emotional powers into pouring it out. (Columbia 39837.)

Sauter-Finegan

- ★★★★ Moonlight On The Ganges
★★★★ April In Paris

The Vernon Duke *Paris* provides master arrangers Eddie Sauter and Bill Finegan with an opportunity to paint a sensitive, still vivid canvas. For the first time, the duo employs a voice to fit in with the percussion battery, recorder, etc. But the voice, a soprano, is blended in the whole as an instrument to expand the color potential of the ensemble. Muted trombone, probably Vern Friley, and the recorder, played by Sid Cooper, play prominent roles along with the percussion section and harp in completing the most arresting interpretation Sauter and Finegan have put on wax to date.

Ganges employs what sounds like a kazoo for odd effects, has a good deal of humor, swings pleasantly in sections, is scored for rich color as is all of the Sauter-Finegan arrangements. Musically, both sides maintain the high caliber the boys set with their first four etchings. Commercially, *Paris* and its rich colors should be the key side. (Victor 20-4927.)

Jerry Shard

- ★★ Hot Lips
★★ Can, Can, Can

Shard's multi-tape coupling should do fairly well, particularly since *Lips* still stands as one of the most active standards around juke boxes. Shard, of course, dubs with such instruments as trombone, bells, etc. *Can* is the umpteenth return of the *Can, Can* music of Offenbach. (Capitol 2208.)

Jo Stafford

- ★★★★ Jambalaya
★★★★ Early Autumn

Jambalaya, a five-star selection of Sept. 10, is a superior production of a superior folk item with a Bayou flavor. Jo sings it forcefully against a background furnished by hubby Weston and the Luboff

...n't figure to
...s coupling,
...tidy accept-
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by Coral
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Choir, the forces employed much in the manner which made *Shrimp Boats* so big a hit.

Autumn is the lovely ballad drawn from the Woody Herman instrumental written by Ralph Burns and sized for an eloquent lyric by Johnny Mercer. Miss Stafford sings it gracefully, almost reverently. (Columbia 39838.)

June Valli

★★ *Mighty Lonesome Feelin'*
★★★★ *Taboo*

June opens up wide on *Taboo* to try to ring up a follow-up to *Strange Sensation*. With the help of a windy, pseudo-exciting Harry Salter background, she should attract a good amount of attention with this bravura effort.

Feelin' is the more conventional side of the coupling, sung reasonably well with a slick Salter background. (Victor 20-4900.)

Sarah Vaughan

★★★ *Say You'll Wait for Me*
★★★★ *My Tormented Heart*

Sarah gets a rare chance to demonstrate some of her range on *Wait*, an imported ballad which seems to be taking hold in scattered areas. *Heart* is Toselli's Serenade with a new lyric. Sarah stays in her lower registers for this one and sounds better than she has in ages on records. Percy Faith provided chorus and orch for both sides. (Columbia 39839.)

Lawrence Welk

★★ *Cocoanut Grove*
★★ *Rustic Dance*

Grove is a semi-thriving revival done pleasantly in Welk's danceable mickiey style. Roberta Linn sings it. *Dances* is a familiar public domain air which provides Welk with nice simple fare for his squeeze box. The elder dance set should appreciate the effort. (Coral 60813.)

JAZZ

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of their musical merit.

Pete Daily

★★ *Yelping Hound Blues*
★★ *Clarinet Marmalade*

It's hard to tell to what degree the musicians are kidding themselves and/or their customers on sides like these. It's all good-humored primitive jazz with the traditional instrumentation, and, on the second side, the traditional arrangement. Pete Daily's cornet, Warren Smith's trombone, Rosy McHargue's clarinet, Skippy Anderson's piano and George Defebaugh's drums are the detonating agents. (Good Time Jazz 68.)

Buddy De Franco

★★★ *Carioca*
★★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Two superior sides featuring just clarinet and rhythm, the first number as successful commercially as the second is musically. Kenny Drew's piano is outstanding on *Things*; Art Blakey's drums team with Buddy for a climax in the old Goodman tradition on *Carioca*. (MGM 11303.)

Lionel Hampton

★★★★ *On The Sunny Side Of The Street*
★★ *12th Street Rag*

Cut in 1937, *Sunny* was famous for its opening chorus by Johnny Hodges. Hamp's vocal second chorus lowers the general level, his vibes bring it back up. *Rag* sounds strangely dated. Waxed in 1939, it has a sad rhythm section, inferior solos by such superior Ellingtonians of that day as Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney and Rex Stewart, and a lot of Lionel's machine-gun-single-notes piano. (Victor 420-0014.)

James Moody

★ *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*
★★ *Hey Jim*

Moody's thin, quavering alto fingers it way nervously through *Until*, a performance utterly without distinction. *Jim* has Babs Gonzales singing in boppish phrases about an alleged new craze in Harlem. He is followed by a good bop trumpet, and a tenor solo by Moody. (Mercury 8290.)

Turk Murphy

★★ *Mesa 'Round*
★★ *Oh Daddy*

Perhaps these belong in the pop section, since they delve so far back into history that they're in the barroom-music or just-around-the-corner-from-western-music category. *Daddy* features the big, Bessie-Smith-era voice of one Claire Austin. There's a whole passage of melody played on what sounds like a sousaphone on *Mesa*. (Good Time Jazz 69.)



DINAH'S STILL FINER than any of her contemporaries for the countless fans who welcomed her back recently to her regular television show, reviewed in this issue. Dinah's still a potent factor in the RCA Victor talent roster, too.

Kid Ory

★★★ *Down Home Rag*
★★★ *1919 Rag*

Best of the recent releases on this label. The old-timey music has enough guts to assure you the guys are taking themselves seriously. Old folks will nod their heads rhythmically to the simple strains of the *Down Home Rag*, with Mutt Carey, Ory and Darnell Howard in the front line, plus an unashamed four-piece rhythm section with one of them new-fangled guitars replacing the banjo. (Good Time Jazz 70.)

Oscar Peterson

★★★★ *Willow Weep For Me*
★★★★ *Just One Of Those Things*

Shades of the old Cole Trio! Aided by Irving Ashby's guitar, Ray Brown's bass, and on the second side Alvin Stoller's drums. Oscar swings lightly and politely. His *Willow* is reminiscent of Tatum's and no less effective. (Mercury 8999.)

Sonny Stitt

Nice Work If You Can Get It
Our Very Own
There'll Never Be Another You
Later
Ain't Misbehavin'
After You've Gone
Stairway To The Stars
Blazin'

Album rating: ★★

Except for choruses on *Work and Gone*, this is a rather lackluster sampling of Sonny Stitt at work on tenor sax. Remainder of the album is largely given over to slightly echo-chambered sugary tenor ballad solos, mainly intended for commercial r & b customers.

There's not much meat in the set musically. Most of the sides were previously issued singly. The Gene Ammons-Stitt band, recently disbanded, backed up on *Gone* and *Our Very Own*; remainder of the sides were done with rhythm section. *Work* is the standout side in the collection; it spots a brief, but tasty bit of Duke Jordan's piano finesse. (Prestige PRLP 126.)

Lu Watters

★★ *Sweet Georgia Brown*
★★ *Irish Black Bottom*

The Yerba Buena Jazz Band rocks its grass roots merrily as the booming tuba leads it on a conducted tour through two familiar territories: the Maceo Pinkard standard, and an inconsequential tune Louis Armstrong happened to record a quarter-century ago. Comparison with Satchmo's original version will prove interesting to collectors. (Mercury 11090.)

Jimmy and Mama Yancey

How Long Blues
Make Me A Pallet On The Floor
Monkey Woman Blues
Four O'Clock Blues
Sante Fe Blues
Yancey Special

Album rating: ★★

Of more historic import than of musical

interest are these final recordings made of Jimmy Yancey one month before he died in mid-1951. Mama Yancey plays the major role in the album, since she is featured on five of the six selections wailing now standard Yancey blues. She sang on this occasion with a persuasive charm in the traditional blues shout style.

Jimmy did his evergreen *Special* and provided tasteful piano on the other sides for Mama's shouts. His style, basic in jazz, even in 1951 had a homespun simplicity and sincerity that was typical of the beginnings of jazz. Israel Crosby provided Gibraltar-like bass support on these sides.

Researches into the beginnings of jazz will find this album enlightening as well as a warm experience. (Atlantic LP 130.)

RHYTHM & BLUES

Records in this section are reviewed and rated in terms of broad general appeal. If they are of interest from the musical standpoint, they are marked with a sharp (#), or, if exceptionally interesting, a double sharp (##).

Johnny Ace

★★★★ *My Song*
★★ *Follow The Rule*

By now the first side will have proved its five star-rating by racking up five-star sales. It's a simple melody, constructed melodically and harmonically just like *So Long*. Although the singing, the balance and the performance of the accompanying Beal Streeters are distinctly inferior to Dinah Washington's and other later performances, this is the one that started the whole thing. Backing is an indifferent shuffle blues. (Duke R 102.)

Hadda Brooks

★★★ *My Song*
★★ *I Went To Your Wedding*

Hadda's first recording since her return from London has her providing coverage of a couple of rapidly ascending tunes. *Song* is an r & b item which suits Miss Brooks several notches better than *Wedding*, a countryish pop. Small band backgrounds are adequate. (Okeh 6910.)

Red Callender

★★★ *Lonesome Rebecca*
★★ *Blues For J.T.*

Big, deep unison reed sounds and a slow rocking beat make *Rebecca* one of the better recent r & b instrumentals. The Sextette becomes a Fourtette, as the label calls it, for *Blues*, which features Red's bass, Eddie Beal's piano and somebody's guitar in some average ad libbing. (Victor 20-4908.)

Monte Easter

★★ *Pastel*
★ *Casablanca Boogie*

The Red Callender *Pastel*, best known through the Garner recording, has been



STILL THE GREATEST singer, according to almost every other singer around, is Ella Fitzgerald, now on another of her regular tours with Jazz At The Philharmonic. Ella's *Trying* and *My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean* on Decca earned her a five-star rating for both sides.

endowed with lyrics by a Mr. Otis (not Johnnie) and is here sung by Miss Pat Reed. She shows promise as a junior league Billie Holiday, but her voice, dubbed in New York after the band part was cut on the coast, is poorly balanced. Coupling is a nondescript r & b shuffle blues. (Discovery 1202.)

Bulee Gaillard

★★ *I Know What To Do*
★★ *St. Louis Blues*

The "Southern Fried Orchestra," as the label calls it, is simply Slim Gaillard on his rhythm and blues kick, with all the appropriate sounds—everybody blowing as loud as possible and Slim singing some fairly convincing blues. (Mercury 8998.)

Eddie Jefferson

★★★★ *Body And Soul*
★★ *I Got The Blues*

It had to happen. King Pleasure's *Moody Mood* made it, and now little King, lesser pleasures and moodier moodies are springing up on other labels. Jefferson makes due acknowledgement to Moody in his fantastically involved lyrics to *Body*. An example of what goes on: he gets the phrase "loving you is the onliest thing I ever want to do" into two beats of one bar! If only a singer would come along who can do this kind of stuff in tune, the idea would be a musical hit too. *I Got The Blues* is *Lester Leaps In* with lyrics. (Hi-Lo 1413.)

Julia Lee

★ *Goin' To Chicago Blues*
★★ *Last Call*

Capitol, putting its little toes back into the rhythm and blues tide after a long absence, digs two unissued Lee sides out of the files. They are well sung, but contain none of the earthy, fortissimo sounds essential to almost any rhythm and blues side nowadays. Nor do they have any of the double-meaning lyrics that used to set Julia. Band is stodgy and listless on both sides. (Capitol 2203.)

Jimmy Liggins

★★★ *Brown Skin Baby*
★★★ *Dark Hour Blues*

Liggins "Drops Of Joy" comprise an expert little crew. *Brown Skin* is removed from the routine by the standout band work, which includes some expert striding tenor working out in the buck dance (or humba blues) formula. *Dark Hour* is a moody slow blues, sung well by Liggins, again played splendidly by his crack band. (Specialty 434.)

Jimmy McCracklin

★★★★ *My Days Are Limited*
★★★★ *She's Gone*

Jimmy's blues are the real thing. Both his voice and the combo with him ring true from the first bar. The pessimistic slow blues seems the likelier item, though the coupling jumps zestfully with gutty tenor, piano and guitar work as Jimmy tells a typical story about his absent mate. (Peacock 1605.)

The Ravens

★★★★ *Rock Me All Night Long*
★★★★ *Write Me One Sweet Letter*

The Ravens hit top form on *Rock Me*, a medium blues which really gets up and rocks with aid from a good rhythm section and the group itself. A modern piano solo provides the break between vocal choruses, which, as usual, are largely dominated by Jimmy Rickey, whose efforts are crisper than they have been in ages.

Letter, the old Joe Liggins hit, doesn't manage to develop the spirit and drive of the first side, but still stacks up as more than a passable etching. (Mercury 8291.)

Treniers

★★★★ *Cheatin' On Me*
★★★★ *Rockin' On Sunday Night*

Cheatin' bears no relationship to the old Lunceford hit. It's an ingeniously arranged r & b item based on the blues, with several things going on at once—Don Hill's alto, solo vocal, riff vocal obbligato, etc. It all adds up to a typical sample of how these lads have earned themselves a good niche in their market. *Rockin'* is also a blues, at a faster clip; more conventional, but still successful. (Okeh 6904.)

Dinah Washington

★★★★ *Half As Much*
★★★★ *My Song*

Dinah's in rare good form as she works out a couple of splendid coverages with a small but tasty band. The band, led by Jimmy Cobb, sets up a walking beat for Dinah's reading of the pop hit, *Half As Much*.

And then creates perfect atmospheric conditions for *Song*, a bluesy ballad which already is a big r & b hit.

There's a spot of tasty tenor on the first side. (Mercury 8294.)

True Travel Tale Told By Band Biz Baedeker

(Jumped from Page 3)

tion for the help you're offering their son. You leave and jump right back on the bandwagon. The next set of local boys, hundreds of miles away, are awaiting the same treatment. This is an endless caravan, but it is one that's good.

Modern Times

On the other hand, the 1952 musical gypsy is vastly different from his predecessors. For one thing, a few years back, an itinerary generally included at least 26 weeks of theaters, a good three months of location spots—like hotels or nightclubs. The rest of the year was spent on the one-nighters. Hmm!

Today, the scene is reversed. No theaters except the New York Paramount and one or two locations of any consequence. The rest of the year is spent doing nothing but one-nighters. The bands are chock full of poor little map-happy boys chanting the route number blues. Come what may, rain, sleet, icy roads, bad roads, detours, motor breakdowns, accidents—make the gig! Unwritten law amongst the boys—make the gig!

Few Accidents

We've lost a few of our boys in accidents, but the percentage is low. Since the war, hotels have hiked prices and they're not looking to do anything but keep hikin'. The kids travel their usual mileage, 150 up to 400 miles three or four nights a week after the job to beat the day rate at a hotel. Actually you save a day's bill by doing that. Any kind of saving is important with the present day salaries.

Oh boy! money is quick to go on the road. You have your valet service two or three times a week—your weekly laundries, garage bills, hotel bills and food and beverage. Believe me, in certain parts of the country, the taste of food and water could scare you out of a month's growth. There's not too much left at payday for the average roadman. It's practically an impossibility to be married and stay on the road.

Youth

A younger musician has an altogether different attitude from the older boy. The youth is so excited by the fact that he's in a name band and seeing new territories and faces, that he personifies pure contentment. The older guys grumble and groan and constantly talk about this being their last tour, etc. He's fed up with the years of monotony. When a guy reaches this point, it's only a matter of time before he says his goodbyes.

Every now and then the schedule reads for a day off. A day off to

collapse, sleep or visit a local pub and sip till you stagger back to the hotel—a free day to indulge in social activity. You could call the road the lonesome road, and not be far wrong.

The steady talk among the boys, aside from music, is the everlasting hope that maybe the booking offices will recognize a commercial value to their band, and help them by landing a TV show, or a package concert show, or create some more locations, just so they can sit down a moment.

Most of the boys don't know too much about the workings of big business. They can't understand why record companies aren't more cooperative with instrumental bands. They can't see why vocalists get all the play. Only when they seek out their leaders and question him do they get the true picture and answers.

See You Soon

The one real hobby of the musician is trying to make his band, or better yet, his particular section, sound better. Many traveling hours are spent in discussion of how to iron out inside-the-band problems.

One thing is funny! You can ask any bandsman after he's well into a tour—"Where were you playing last night?" For money, the majority can't answer it. They hem and haw, and finally have to take out their written itinerary to check the date.

Despite all the pros and cons of the one-nighter, musicians come and go and American music marches on. Along with all the hardship, it's the greatest ball that this writer has ever known, and my advice to all young musicians is to study hard, concentrate on accuracy, and I'll soon be seeing you on route 66—Carry on!

The Coolest

A special Beat prize for the phoniest press agent item of the year is hereby awarded for the following item. It was printed, apparently with a straight face, in Leonard Lyons' syndicated column:—

There's a feud on between Zooty (sic) Sims, who wrote Shim Sham Shoop, and Billy Taylor, who wrote How High The Flip. Each songster claims infringement, but both find it difficult to retain a lawyer because their first question to the prospective attorney is: "Do you dig bop?"

Payoff is that the club where Zooty and Billy are working, in whose interests the item presumably was dreamed up, wasn't even mentioned by Lyons!



Tommy Mercer and Marcie Miller.

Mercer And Miller Partnership Recalls Eberly-O'Connell Era

By Jack Tracy

We think you'd have to hark back to the days of Eberly and O'Connell and Sinatra and Haines before you'd find a pair of band singers as good as the team currently employed by Ray Anthony—Tommy Mercer and Marcie Miller.

Mercer you've probably heard quite a bit of, as his assuring baritone voice has already been featured on numerous sides with Ray and for two years each with Charlie Spivak and Eddy Duchin. But Marcie might be a stranger unless you've listened to her swinging *Singing in the Rain* or her warm, impelling *You're Driving Me Crazy*, both with the Anthony band.

Sensible

And it's a pleasant surprise to speak to these two level-headed youngsters. They have ambitions to do singles, sure, but they realize that unless one of their releases with Ray fairly catapults them to renown, they'll do much

DID YOU KNOW that at least a fourth of the estimated 20 million phonographs in the United States have three-speed changers?

better to stay with the band and be seen and heard by thousands of people every month.

In the meantime, Anthony realizes their value to the band and features them singly, as a duo, and in the choir. Thus everyone's happy, everyone's making progress.

Started Early

The 27-year-old Mercer started singing in high school, where he led his own dance band. His first real break came when he entered the maritime service and won an amateur contest on the base. He was assigned to the station band and was heard twice a week on coast-to-coast CBS.

Tommy joined Spivak in 1946 after his discharge and remained for two happy years. Then Duchin beckoned from New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

He joined Ray in January last year and has been content ever since. "It's been great," he says. "Ray has given me a chance to sing both ballads and rhythm tunes and even choir numbers—gives you an opportunity to be versatile."

The other half of the duo, Marcie, is the best newcomer to big band singing we've heard in a long, long spell. She's pretty and personable, but not one of those little girls with large lungs and no voice so often hired by leaders to serve as window dressing. She was hired to sing, and sing she does, with a clear, happy sound and meticulous beat. And she spends hours listening to every Ella, Sinatra, Lee Wiley, and Mary Ann McCall record she can get her hands on so that she might study with whom she considers the masters.

Background

Though unheard-of before Anthony hired her, she's had a substantial singing background, including professional experience with Cleveland territory bands, Bob Strong, and a group called the Quintones.

Either Tommy or Marcie would be a great asset to any other band on the road today. In both of them, Anthony has a team that lends much authority to his claim that he possesses "America's Number One Band."

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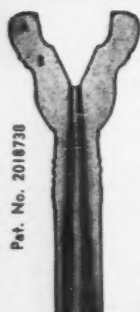
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Chords And Discords

The Johnny Holiday Story, As Seen From A Different Angle

To The Editors:

Chicago, Ill.
Your story by Jack Tracy "Every Day Is Holiday For Johnny After Long Wait" seems to me to put Johnny H., nee Parker, on a wrong tack. I realize this is not Tracy's slant entirely, as I have read in other trade columns the same line—"I was told to drop dead, I was a bum," etc. Johnny, perhaps unintentionally, is being unfair to a lot of persons in the business who never tell anyone to drop dead, or that they're a bum.

Johnny should remember—and has never once said—that I'm the guy whose phone he many a night tied up, and at whose apartment he was invited for two successive New Year's eves—and the guy who kept after him, and got him, to change his name!

It's only human, after we get a

break in this rat race, to want to rub it into the few who might have chided our efforts. But it's more healthy for ourselves—and the business—to recall those who, though they had no piece in the pie, took an interest in our personal projects.

I know a dozen guys who never told Johnny—or Danny—to drop dead, but instead tried to help him. Bill Putnam of Universal Recording is certainly one. Lee Egalnik, the Chicago publisher, is another. Jim Lounsbury, the WIND



Johnny Holiday

disce jockey is one more. Irv Victor, Bill Gersh, Johnny Roswick, Johnny's (Danny's) boy Dennis Farnon, Sid Mills, Cliff Parman—and, of course, the Mary Kaye Trio who he says tied Billy Burton down to listen to him!

Having been on the road—and just now returning—I haven't seen him since his Capitol "break." But I have been reading these stories.

Lawdy, he used to tell me himself, for instance, how one Frankie Laine always took him out—and so did the Ames Brothers, he said—to give him some morale-building words.

If a few guys kicked him in the pants—maybe that was what he needed. I also heard him kick a few in the pants to me. Sometimes a kick can shove you up as much as a slap on the back—which in a good many cases doesn't do any more than give you a hack in the chest.

Tim Gayle

True Passion

Toledo, Ohio

To the Editors:

Down Beat is my favorite magazine. It is my favorite because it always has articles and very handsome pictures of Johnnie Ray. In my opinion, he is the greatest singer there is or ever will be. He sings with true passion. He has a style which surpasses all other singers.

Johnnie doesn't hide his feelings. If he did he wouldn't be as great as he is today. There'll never be a singer like Ray.

Dolores Fitzpatrick

Capitol Salute

Capitol Records, Inc.
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Hal Webman:

I have just finished reading the Sept. 10 issue of Down Beat. I want to thank you personally for the wonderful tribute you paid to us. I think, since you have taken over, you have given the Beat the spark it has needed to make it a real music magazine.

Glenn Wallichs
President

Starry-Eyed

Tokyo, Japan

To the Editors:

I would like very much to see pictures and read good stories on my ol' pal Katherine Starks (better known as Kay Starr) like you had of the Ray Anthony, Billy May and Stan Kenton bands. I really enjoy this new look, but to add a spark, print some stories on Kathy.

Honestly Beat, I think you have really improved... In my opinion, you have almost reached the goal of perfection in your magazine.

Believe me, there are a lot of eagerly waiting fans out here for your issues, and they like I, are sort of tired of reading and eyeing Patti Page, Clooney, Crosby, Ray, Stafford, Lee, Vaughan, Fitzgerald, Armstrong, Laine, and a few more greats. We'd like some on "our gal."

Once your magazine starts featuring Kathy, then I will say you have reached the climax in your issues.

Keep up the good work Beat, and don't let us down. I'll keep up my reading and you can be sure that I'll be saving my two-bits every two weeks.

Cpl. V. De Rose

Norman's Grants

Chicago

To the Editors:

After reading J. Nelles' slam at JATP (August 13, Chords and Discords), I began to wonder what kind of a jazz fan is it that pays to hear, among other things, Flip Phillips' "unbearable sounds," then writes salty letters about same.

Surely, Mr. Nelles must have had some idea of what to expect before shelling out four of his good Belgium dollars. Nelles, in calling the JATP audience "regular jukebox listeners who believe that Lionel Hampton has actually the greatest band in his career," obviously overlooked the fact that, without their support, JATP would not be able to travel abroad and, subsequently, a large portion of imported jazz would be cut off from the Belgians forever.

Stay Away

For those Belgians who prefer not to listen to a "poor" Eldridge or a "tired" Young, all they have to do is stay away! Nothing is compelling anti-JATP to attend this or that concert and I'm sure Granz will not lose too much sleep over it.

Gibes like this one and countless others in the past have always irked me. Why knock JATP? Everybody, including the principles, knows that JATP is 75% showmanship and 25% musicianship. So what? You pay to be entertained, not educated. Leave education to Konitz, Brubeck, Mariano and Tristano—I'll take the crudeness, rashness and excitement of Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic.

Bob Perlange

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Turning The Tables—XI

Here's A Jock With 160 Shows—All Sponsored

By AUNT ENNA

Howard Miller is a man who has almost as many outspoken convictions about the disc jockey business as he has listeners. And this would necessarily be a considerable number, as Miller is seemingly on Chicago air constantly. Actually it's only between five and six hours a day (only!) distributed between three stations, but one sometimes gets a feeling of near-helplessness when idly spinning the dial and finding Miller all over it. It's not in the least unusual to hear him live on one station and taped on another at the same time.

He undoubtedly belongs on any list of the country's top jocks. To reach this position in just a couple of short years he has worked shrewdly and unceasingly at the job. Though he's spinning records on some 160 sponsored 15-minute segments a week, he still will allow no one else to do any of his programming. He selects each record for every show.

Hears All

And he listens to every record that's released, be it pop, jazz, hillbilly, or spiritual, from a major firm or an indie.

He holds a deep respect for his listeners and for his clients. His conception of disc jockey is "a man who certainly is no god and who has no business, telling the public what it should or should not like. And he is also a salesman. There are no artistic clients. All they want to know is 'How many suits can you sell?'"

He drives an inexpensive car because "though I think I have enough money to own a Cadillac, the minute I do I'm in a world apart from the average person who listens to me. He regards me then not as a friend who plays records for him, but a guy who's cashing in on him."

Hates Payoff

He is death on payola. The payoff, he says, has done more to hurt the music and record business than any other factor in the last five years.

"I've had long meetings with publishers and record company executives begging them to quit this paying off to get plays," says Miller. "They're just building a big, ugly monster that can destroy them, and they're shunting off bad music on the public at the expense of good. They'll all get their share of hits over a year's time if they'll just relax. But by paying to get

all the junk played, they're discouraging people who hear the bad from buying any records at all."

Miller has combined these and other beliefs over the last two years with some timely hunches and has parlayed them into a yearly income that doesn't have him worried about where tomorrow's breakfast is coming from.

He was the first jockey to get on Mario Lanza's *Be My Love*. Right after he played it the first time, a station exec called him in and suggested that the record was too far over listeners' heads, and that Howard forget about it. Howard didn't, and the record of course was a huge hit.

He introduced Patti Page's *Tennessee Waltz* to the area, and Tony Bennett's *Cold, Cold Heart*, and Al Martino. And Johnnie Ray.

Bad Moment

And Johnnie, incidentally, contributed to one of Miller's more embarrassing moments. Usually self-confident and equal to all occasions, Miller was completely nonplussed right after Ray hit big and decided to make his first-ever TV appearance on a Chicago show. Howard meeced.

Miller, during the course of events, presented Ray some sort of plaque, just like they'd rehearsed it that afternoon.

But Ray, apparently overcome, threw his arms about Miller, kissed him warmly on the cheek, and buried his head on Howard's shoulder.

Your old Aunt Enna saw the show. Miller looked petrified, to say the least.

Incidentally, there's another artist who owes a big vote of thanks to Miller. Howard uses Ziggy Elman's *Bublitchee* as opening and closing theme on most of his shows, thus the record gets played some 120 times every week. So many requests have been received for it that the side is now a standard seller, month after month, in the Midwest.

If the guy gets any more shows, MGM's going to have to open another pressing plant just for *Bublitchee*.

Monica Lewis Aptly Cast In 'Remains To Be Seen'

By DON FREEMAN

La Jolla, Calif.—One of the neatest tricks of the week—at least the week that *Remains To Be Seen* was playing at La Jolla Playhouse—was Monica Lewis in her role of Jody Revere, a band singer in the Russel Crouse-Howard Lindsay comedy.

Monica, incidentally, is one of several former band vocalists who are taking a whack at the part created on Broadway by Janis Paige—the others being Fran Warren and Marilyn Maxwell.

As appropriate as it may seem for any ex-band chick to play Jody, Producer Mel Ferrer's choice of Monica provided a press agent's dream of coincidence. Except, oddly, that Monica forgot to inform the La Jolla press agent of said coincidence, tipping us off only on the final day of the show.

Enter Mr. Goodman

Anyway, one of the characters in the play is a suave attorney named Benjamin Goodman. As might seem natural, the singer mistakes him for someone else. After a confusing phone call from Goodman, she leaves her traveling band in the Midwest and rushes to New York.

There are a number of complications, including murder, but finally Jody—Monica, that is—gets a chance to audition for the real Benny. How does it come out? "Well," she says with a shrug, "he told me to work hard for two or three years, and then maybe..."

That isn't what happened, Monica told us, when she really sang for Goodman some years back. Benny promptly hired her and she sang with the band at the Astor Roof in New York for two weeks.

"Then the band went on the road," she explained. "I was only 16 and my parents wouldn't let me go. So that was the end of



Monica Lewis

my experience with Benny Goodman—until now."

As not too many in the audience were aware, Monica did the singing in the record of *Somebody Stole My Gal* in the play. What she did was string along with Les Paul's electronics technique. First she found a Capitol disk of the song played by Sharkey Bonano's Dixieland group. Next she tape-recorded her vocal, accompanied by the trio employed on her armed forces radio show. The rest was a simple matter of dubbing on tape. Sounded great, too.

Although the venture at La Jolla was her stage debut, Monica is accustomed to audiences in supper clubs and movie houses, where she has made personal appearances

since becoming a film star. Both have their menaces, including in order, imbibing noise-makers and popcorn munchers.

"Audiences at plays are different," said Monica. "They're quieter and more attentive. And that helped a lot. Another big help was the fact that I could use singers' tricks to save my voice. With all the shouting and talking I have to do as Jody, I'd have been hoarse after the first act."

Curiously, Monica had a real life model for her characterization of Jody Revere, who is a kind of hipster with heart.

"She's a singer I used to know, this girl," said Monica. "She's from Ohio, and she used to sing pretty good at one time. You've probably heard of her. Her name? Oh, I couldn't tell you that."

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Albert, Abbey (Stark) NYC, ne
Alstone, Alee (Waldorf-Astoria) NYC, In
10/1, h
Anthony, Ray (On Tour) GAC
Atchison, Tex (On Tour) JKA

Barron, Blue (Statler) Buffalo, 11/4-16, h
Basie, Count (On Tour) WA
Beckner, Denny (Tulsa State Fair) Tulsa,
Okla., 10/3-9
Bencke, Tex (St. Francis) San Francisco,
Out 10/5, h; (On Tour) MCA
Bishop, Billy (Aragon) Chicago, b
Bothie, Russ (Paradise) Chicago, b
Brandwyne, Nat (Palmer House) Chicago,
10/9-12/31, h
Brown, Les (On Tour) ABC

Cabot, Chuck (Fort Sill) Lawton, Okla.,
10/1-7; (Casa Loma) St. Louis, 10/14-26,
h

Carle, Frankie (On Tour) MCA
Cayler, Joy (Stockmens) Elko, Nev., 10/8-
11/18, h
Clifford, Bill (Aragon) Chicago, 10/21-
11/30, h
Courtney, Del (Mark Hopkins) San Francisco,
10/21-11/24, h
Cross, Bob (Jung) New Orleans, Out 10/14,
h
Cugat, Xavier (Statler) Los Angeles, h



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D
Di Pardo, Tony (Eddy's) Kansas City, Mo., r
Donahue, Al (Rice) Houston, 10/2-29, h
Dorsey, Jimmy (Statler) NYC, Out 10/18, h
Durso, Michael (Copacabana) NYC, nc

E
Ellington, Duke (Earle) Philadelphia, Out 10/2, t; (Howard) Washington, D.C., 10/3-9, t

F
Ferguson, Danny (Robert Driscoll) Corpus Christi, Tex., Out 10/2, h; (Commodore Perry) Toledo, Ohio, 11/24-1/31/53, h
Finn, Jack (St. Francis) San Francisco, h
Finn, Mack (Flamingo) Lima, Ohio, nc
Fisk, Charlie (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., Out 10/4; (Statler) Washington, D.C., In 10/6, h
Fitzpatrick, Eddie (Mapes) Reno, Nev., h
Flanagan, Ralph (On Tour) GAC
Foster, Chuck (Peabody) Memphis, Out 10/4, h
Foster, Sidney (Elbow Beach Surf) Paget, Bermuda, h

G
Garber, Jan (On Tour) GAC
Gillespie, Dixie (Colonial) Toronto, In 10/13
Grave, Tony (Bamboo) NYC, nc

H
Hampton, Lionel (On Tour) ABC
Hawkins, Erskine (On Tour) MG
Hayes, Carlton (Desert Inn) Las Vegas, Nev., h
Hayes, Sherman (Muehlbach) Kansas City, Mo., h
Hecker, Ernie (Fairmont) San Francisco, h
Hefti, Neal and Frances Wayne (On Tour) MCA
Herman, Woody (Palladium) Hollywood, Out 10/6, h; (On Tour) GAC
Hill, Tiny (On Tour) ABC
Hines, Earl (Oasis) Los Angeles, nc
Holmes, Jack (On Tour) JKA
Houston, Joe (On Tour) RMA

Howard, Eddy (On Tour) MCA
Hudson, Dean (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., 10/7-20, h
Hunt, Fee Wee (Angelo) Omaha, Neb., Out 10/5

J
Jacquet, Illinois (Trocaeria) Columbus, nc
James, Harry (Rustic Cabin) Englewood, N.J., 10/3-1
Jerome, Henry (Claridge) Memphis, Tenn., Out 10/9

K
Jordan, Louis (On Tour) GAC

L
Kannay, Jay (Palomar Gardens) San Jose, Calif., b
Keene, Bob (Palladium) Hollywood, b
Kelly, Claude (Riverside) Green Bay, Wis., h
Kenton, Stan (On Tour) GAC
King, Wayne (On Tour) MCA

M
La Salle, Dick (Plaza) NYC, h
Landis, Jules (Ambassador) NYC, h
Lewis, Ted (Roosevelt) New Orleans, 10/16-11/3, h
Lombardo, Guy (Roosevelt) NYC, h
Long, Johnny (On Tour) GAC

N
Martler, Ralph (On Tour) GAC
Martin, Freddy (Ambassador) Los Angeles, h
Masters, Frankie (Conrad Hilton) Chicago, b
May, Billy (Palladium) Hollywood, In 10/7, h

O
McCown, Mac (Jesse's Supper Club) Pine Bluff, Ark., nc
McCoyle, Clyde (On Tour) GAC
McIntyre, Hal (On Tour) GAC
McKinley, Ray (On Tour) WA
Minnis, Bob (On Tour) JKA
Monroe, Vaughn (On Tour) WA
Morgan, Russ (Roosevelt) New Orleans, Out 10/16, h
Morrow, Buddy (Aragon) Chicago, Out 10/19, b

P
Neighbors, Paul (Shamrock) Houston, Tex., Out 11/9, h; (Roosevelt) New Orleans, 11/13-1/7/53, h

O'Neal, Eddie (Palmer House) Chicago, Out 10/8, h; (Chase) St. Louis, 10/10-11/6, h
Otis, Hal (Gaiety Bar) Cheboygan, Mich.

P
Palmer, Jimmy (On Tour) GAC
Pastor, Tony (On Tour) GAC
Perrault, Clair (Plantation Supper Club) Greensboro, N.C., nc
Perry, King (On Tour) RMA
Pettit, Emil (Versailles) NYC, nc
Phillips, Teddy (Jung) New Orleans, 11/26-12/31, h
Prima, Louis (Statler) NYC, 12/15-1/11/53, h

R
Ranch, Harry (Deshler Wallick) Columbus, Out 10/1, h
Reed, Tommy (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., 10/28-11/17, h; (Statler) Buffalo, N.Y., 11/28-12/2, h; (Jung) New Orleans, In 12/31, h
Roesales, Edgar (Palomar Gardens) San Jose, Calif., b
Rudy, Ernie (Schroeder) Milwaukee, Wis., Out 10/6, h; (On Tour) GAC

S
Scott, Stewart (President) Kansas City, Mo., Out 10/4, h
Shaffer, Freddy (On Tour) GAC
Smith, Jesse (King Philip) Wrentham, Mass., b

S
Spanier, Muggsy (Frollicks) Columbus, Ohio, Out 10/12; (Rendezvous) Philadelphia, 10/15-28
Spivak, Charlie (Statler) Buffalo, 10/7-19, h; (Syracuse) Syracuse, N.Y., 10/21/25, h; (Statler) NYC, 1/12/53-2/8, h
Strong, Benny (Mark Hopkins) San Francisco, Out 10/19, h
Sullivan, John (Town Lounge) Houston, Tex., nc

W
Waples, Buddy (Saginaw) Saginaw, Mich., nc
Watkins, Sammy (Statler) Cleveland, h
Williams, Keith (On Tour) JKA
Williams, Sherman (On Tour) RMA
Winburn, Anna Mae (On Tour) RMA

Combos

A
Armstrong, Louis (On Tour) ABC

B
Blue Notes (Blue Note) Flushing, L. I., cl
Blue Notes Trio (Tara Hall) Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., h
Brown, Charles (On Tour) SAC
Brown, Hillard (Crown Propeller Lounge) Chicago
Butterfield, Billy (Blue Note) NYC, nc

C
Cannon Trio, Don (Trading Post) Houston, Tex., nc
Carle, Trio, Bette (Biloxi) Biloxi, Miss., h
Carroll, Barbara (Blue Note) Chicago, 10/10-23, nc
Cawley, Bob (Town House) Tulsa, Okla., r
Colella Quintette, Stan (Green Acres) Auburn, N. Y., nc

D
Dacito (China Phasant) Seattle, Wash., nc
Davis Trio, Bill (Birdland) NYC, Out 10/15, nc; (Blue Note) Chicago, 10/24, 11/6, nc
Davis Trio, Jackie (Showboat) Philadelphia, 10/6-18, nc
Davison Wild Bill (Club Savoy) Boston, nc
Dixieland Ragpickers (Vagabonds) Miami, Fla., nc
Dominos (On Tour) ABC

F
Five Keys (Apollo) NYC, Out 9/25, t
Footie Trio, Jack (Sky Club) Battle Creek, Mich., nc
Franklin Quartet, Marty (Airport) Brooklyn, N. Y., nc
Fulson, Lowell (On Tour) SAC

G
Getz, Stan (Black Hawk) San Francisco, 10/1-14, nc
Gibbs Quartette, Ralph (Stables) Biloxi, Miss., nc
Gordon, Roscoe (On Tour) SAC
Gordon, Stomp (Flamingo) La Crosse, Wis., Out 9/30, cl
Greco, Buddy (Blue Note) Chicago, Out 10/9, nc; (Times Square) Rochester, N. Y., 10/14-19, nc
Greer, Big John (On Tour) MG
Griffin Brothers (On Tour) SAC
Grover Trio, Duke (Bar Ritz) Chicago, Out 11/2, cl

H
Harpe, Daryl (Claridge) Memphis, Tenn., h
Herrington, Bob (Clermont) Atlanta, Ga., h
Herth, Milt (Picadilly) NYC, h

Hines Trio, Freddie (Chamberlain) Fort Monroe, Va., h
Hodges, Johnny (Colonial) Toronto, Out 10/4, nc; (Blue Note) Chicago, In 10/8, nc
Hope, Lynn (Showboat) Philadelphia, Out 10/4, nc; (Gleason's) Cleveland, 10/6-26, nc

I
Ink Spots (Seville) Montreal, Out 10/2, t
Instrumentalists Trio (El Cortes) Las Vegas, Nev., h

K
Kacher's Novel-Ayres Trio, Ned (Sky Club) Roseburg, Oreg., nc
Kent Trio, Ronnie (Elk's Club) Walla, Walla, Wash.
Keys (Lou's Maravain) Philadelphia
Krupa Trio, Gene (On Tour) ABC
Kubick's Rhythmaires Trio, Wally (San Carlos) Yuma, Ariz., h

L
Lynn Trio, June (Sarnes) Hollywood, r

M
McKinley Quartette, Red (Melody Inn) Roseburg, Oreg., nc
McPartland, Marian (Embers) NYC, nc
Mann, Mickey (Kalamazoo) Kalamazoo, Mich., cc
Masters Dream-Aires, Vick (Saguaro Club) Flagstaff, Ariz., Out 10/1, nc
Meyer, Ricky (Famous Tap) Chicago, nc
Morris, Joe (Orehold Room) Kansas City, 10/17-23

N
Nocturnes (Statler) NYC, h

O
Orlores (On Tour) SAC

P
Palmer's Dixieland Six, Singleton (Play-dium Centerfield Lounge) E. St. Louis, cl
Patterson Quartet, Pat (Air Force Club) Moncton, N. B., Canada, pc
Powers, Pete (Melville) Halifax, Nova Scotia, nc; (Tona) Hubbards, Nova Scotia, nc

Q
Quaddettes (Club Moderne) Chicago

R
Rhythmaires Trio (Gallagher's) Philadelphia, Quebec, Canada, h
Rico Serenaders (Elks Lodge) Duluth, Minn., pc
Rist Bros. Trio (Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn) Las Vegas, Nev.
Rocco Trio, Buddy (Syracuse) Syracuse, N. Y., h
Rodgers Quintette, Dave (Commercial) Elko, Nev., h
Rollini Trio, Adrian (New Yorker) NYC, h
Roth Trio, Don (President) Kansas City, In 10/6, h

S
Schenk, Frankie (Paramount) Albany, Ga., nc
Shearing, George (On Tour) SAC
Simmons, Del (London Chophouse) Detroit
Smith's Rampart Street Ramblers, Joe (Windermere Bar) St. Louis, Mo., cl
South, Eddy (Town Room) Milwaukee, Out 10/13
Stanton, Bill (Chi Chi) Catalina, Calif., Out 10/15, nc
Startones (Sherman) San Diego, h

T
Thompson Trio, Bill (Colonial) Hagerstown, Md., h
Tipton Trio, Billy (Tram) Sun Valley, Idaho, cl
Two Beaux and a Peep (On Tour) MCA

V
Vega Trio, Al (Hi Hat) Boston, nc
Velvetones (Chicagoan) Chicago, h

W
Washburn Trio, Charlene & Milt (Moose Club) Spokane, Wash., nc

Singles

Belafonte, Harry (Thunderbird) Las Vegas, 10/2-16, h
Bennett, Tony (Copacabana) NYC, 10/2-29, nc
Cole, Nat (On Tour) GAC
Damone, Vic (U.S. Army)
Daniels, Billy (Chex Parre) Montreal, In 10/14, nc
Eckstine, Billy (On Tour) WMA
Gomez, Vicente (La Zambra) NYC, nc
Hamilton, Sam (Byline) NYC, nc
Hug, Armand (Wohl) New Orleans, h
Mercer, Mabel (Byline) NYC, nc
Robie, Chet (Sherman) Chicago, h
Sinatra, Frank (Chase) St. Louis, Mo., In 10/8, h
Sutton, Ralph (Condon's) NYC, nc
Vaughan, Sarah (On Tour) MG
Walter, Cy (Little Club) NYC, nc

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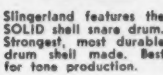
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Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the basest canards ever circulated about musicians is the report that they cannot speak English.

Like most rumors, this is a wild generalization. Just as the radio characterizations of Phil Harris have helped to smear the musicians as a loud-mouth, illiterate lush, so has the unbalanced preoccupation of gossip columnists and radio personalities with the alleged "jive talk" of a small minority helped to perpetuate another myth.

If you have been in or near the music business, or even if you have just been reading *Down Beat* for any length of time, you must know that no musician has ever called a clarinet a gobstick, or a trombone a slushpump, and that most of these fantastic expressions are the brain-orphans of dream-world script writers.

The Inevitable Question

Yet the legend persists. Half a dozen times in recent months, invited to guest on some radio or TV show to discuss some relatively sane subject such as the Voice of America jazz shows, I have been side-tracked by the interviewer into answering such inanities as: "What are some of the latest expressions like Real Gone and Crazy Man and Vout?"

It would be idle to pretend that all these expressions are non-existent. They fall into three categories—the imaginary jive talk words noted above; the expressions once used by musicians but now obsolete; and the few in actual currency.

It is not generally known that most of the words in this last class—as well as some in the other two categories—have been elevated to dictionary status. One particular book, a regular lexicon of the English language entitled *Words*, published by Grosset and Dunlap, shows numerous signs of having had a relatively hip editor on the board of directors.

These Are Now Officially Words!

In this otherwise prosaic volume, along with such neologisms as *whodunit*, *disc jockey* (sic) and *bilboism*, you will find reasonably accurate definitions of such terms as *boogie-woogie*, *Dixieland*, *hep* (but there's no *hip*), *hot*, *jam*, *jitterbug*, *jive*, *sweet*, *swing*, in their present musical connotations. It's true that *blues* is defined as being in a minor key and *gutbucket* is included as a term denoting "slow, dirty blues," but on the other hand you'll find *jump* as an adjective ("performed in rapid tempo"), *swing* as a verb ("to play in rapid tempo with variations").

Barrelhouse earns two definitions. The first is "a style of jazz piano playing characterized by a heavily syncopated bass and a simple melodic line." The second cannot be printed in a nice family magazine.

It's Always Changing

As you can see, even the dictionary has a tough time keeping up to date with jazz definitions and the ever-changing jargon of musicians. Anyway, as an answer to the confused deejays, as well as to Cab Calloway (who fanned the flames for years with his *Jive Dictionary*) and Slim Gaillard, I have gone to great pains to prepare a glossary to end all glossaries.

To make confusion more confounded, any time some square friend starts asking you for definitions, show him the following list, with a straight face, and see what happens.

REAL GONE LEXICON

- A & R—Artistry and rhythm.
- AIR CHECK—Salary for a broadcast.
- ALLIGATOR—One who makes an allegation.
- BEAT—A tired rhythm.
- BEBOPPER—An alligator.
- BEBOP DANCERS—An alligator pair.
- BLOW ONE'S TOP—To hit a note so high only Cat Anderson can hear it.
- BLUE NOTES—Scurrilous letters received by girl singers.
- BOOGIE BEAT—A red plant, dug by musicians, used in preparing eight-to-the-boracht.
- CAT—A musician who plays notes only a dog can hear.
- COOL—Crazy cigarette, smoked by penguins and musicians.
- DISC JOCKEY—A rider in the sky; Arcaro of the air.
- DOG—A musician who plays notes only a cat can hear.
- ECHO CHAMBER—A hollow mockery of music.
- FAIR AND SQUARE—A dumb blonde.
- GITGUT—A guitar string.
- GUTBUCKET—A receptacle for used guitar strings.
- HEP—Hip.
- HIP—Hip.
- HIP JOINT—The hip bone, connected to the legbone. See legbone.
- JITTERBOX—An echo chamber.
- JOX—Small animals with loud voices that feed on shellac.
- L.P.—Popular abbreviation for M. F.'s husband. (See M. F.)
- LEGBONE—An Italian town on the Mediterranean.
- LICORICE LICK—A clarinet concerto.
- LONGHAIR—A term coined by Deems Taylor to denote goateed jazzmen.
- M. F.—Mary Ford.
- MAESTRI—Tall timber infested by small rodents.
- MELLOROONI—A young movie actor who likes to play drums.
- OUT OF THIS WORLD—Like nothing on earth.
- P.A.—A juke box fan (from *piccolo addict*).
- R & B—Ragtime and bop.
- R.P.M.—Rhythmic popular music; common abbreviation for jazz.
- REAL GONE—A missing spool of recording tape.
- SCHMALTZ—An ear of corn.
- SCHMALTZ-HORN—An earring.
- SCHMALTZ-DEAF—Hard of earring.
- SLUSH PUMP—A plumber's utensil; also, a politician's appeal for funds.
- SQUARE—See Fair and Square. SQUARE FEET—An indifferent dancer. SQUARE MILES—An indifferent trumpeter.
- TICKLE THE IVORIES—To shoot craps.
- TROMBONE—The trombone's connected to the hambone.
- WOODPILE—A heap of manuscripts (on paper made from wood). Okay. If you ever hear any of the above words quoted quite seriously with any of the above meanings, you'll know what happened!

Instruments on LP

(Jumped from Page 5)

bassoons and horns (some with percussion and trumpet), by the London Baroque Ensemble under Haas, Westminster WL 5080 . . . and Varese's *Octandre* for flute (Samuel Baron), oboe (Ralph Gomberg), clarinet (Wallace Shapiro), bassoon (Bernard Garfield), horn (Armand Alonje), with trumpet, trombone and double bass, by the N. Y. Wind Ensemble under Frederic Waldman, Elaine, EMS 401. . . .

Mention of the *Ocet* above reminds me that many of Stravinsky's other works strongly feature wood winds, among them the opera *Mavra* (Dial 12), the pantomime-ballet *Reynard* (Dial 10), and the *Mass* for boys' voices and double wind quintet (RCA Victor LM 17) . . . Special mention, however, certainly ought to go to the lovely *Pastorale*, originally for wordless voice with four wood winds, but usually heard in the version for solo violin instead of a human voice, and recorded in this form by Szigeti, plus Mitch Miller, oboe; Robert McGinnis, clarinet; Bert Gassman, English horn; and Sol Schoenbach, bassoon; under Stravinsky's direction on Columbia ML 2122. . . .

Finally, there are two extraordinary works for voice with woodwinds that I mustn't forget (as no one can, who's ever heard them): Poulenc's *Le bal masqué*, sung by Warren Gajour to an accompaniment that features oboe (Paolo Renzi), clarinet (Alexander Williams), bassoon (Leonard Sharrow), with trumpet, piano, violin, cello and percussion, under Edvard Fendler, Euterpe 2000 . . . and, of course, Walton's superbly comic *Façade* in the original version, re-

cited by Edith Sitwell against a chamber ensemble background (piccolo, flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, saxophone and percussion—players unnamed), under Frederick Praunitz, Columbia ML 2047. . . .

Johann's Bach-Log

(Jumped from Page 4)

out Haas's *Fourth*, even if I can skip his *Fifth*, I still have to cling to the earlier Westminster WL 5067, where the former work is coupled with Bach's *Cantata No. 152, Tritt auf die Glaubensbahn* (i.e., loosely, *Keep on the Glory Road*). Here, too, a recorder is featured, along with oboe, viola d'amore and organ, in both an opening instrumental "concerto" and in the accompaniments to the soprano and baritone soloists (Dorothy Bond and Robert Irwin). Even if this weren't the only LP edition of this appealing and relatively unfamiliar cantata, it still would be a "best buy" for its charmingly turned, unpretentious performance, as well as for its truly entrancing music.

Cantata Bachlog

Mention of No. 152 above reminds me that in recent months I've accumulated what might be called something of a bachlog of cantatas—three discs, at least, containing two works each . . . On Bach Guild BG 511 Felix Prohaska directs the B.G. soloists, chorus and orchestras in No. 4, *Christ lag*

in *Todesbanden*, and No. 140, *Wachet auf! . . .* On Westminster WL 5211 Hermann Scherchen leads soloists, Akademie Kammerchor and Vienna State Opera Orchestra in the same No. 140 and No. 32, *Liebest Jesu . . .* and on Westminster WL 5125 the same group is also heard in No. 84, *Ich bin vergnuet*, and No. 106, *Gottes Zeit*.

Fine Performances

All of these are fine performances and recordings, well worthy of inclusion in any Bach LP-shelf. The most appealing coupling perhaps is the first, for Nos. 4 and 140 long have been the best-known cantatas on discs, thanks to several good 78-rpm versions, beginning with the great old ones by the Orfeo Catala of Barcelona and winding up in more recent years with those by Robert Shaw's Chorale (now LP'd on RCA Victor LM 25 and LM 1100).

But if Prohaska's No. 4 probably is to be preferred above either Shaw's or Lehmann's (Decca DL 7523), in No. 140 Scherchen's superior soloists (Laszlo, Poell and Kment) give him a slight, but decisive edge. The same soloists also do well in No. 32 (coupled with Scherchen's No. 140), while on the third disc Magda Laszlo stars alone (with chorus) . . . Alfred Poell and Hilde Roessler-Majdan share the bass-alto duet roles in No. 106 . . .

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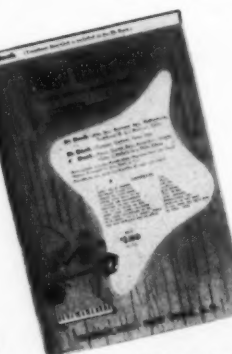
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The Blindfold Test

Frankie Flips For Jo's 'Jambalaya'

By LEONARD FEATHER

The usual procedure in conducting the blindfold tests is a simple one. After the record is played I ask the interviewee to talk informally to me, to disregard the presence of a microphone and a tape recorder.

Frankie Laine, though, was exceptionally meticulous in choosing his words. Conscious all along that he would be quoted, he announced his lengthy verdict on each disc almost as if he were reading from a prepared script. The comments that follow represent a distillation of Frankie's opinions, which were as long as they were honest.

The Records

1. This happens to be a gentleman whom I consider one of the greatest entertainers and musicians, Louis Jordan. His interpretation on this is not only very good, but very different for Louis, because I think very few people have heard him sing ballads; and he knocks me out no matter what he does. I was very happy to hear him with a really big band behind him, for the first time in I don't know how long, and I also was very happy with the whole background.

The commercial value is something that I hesitate to say on any record. I have now come to that point where I say: Make it! Put it out! See what happens! But if it were a question of my buying this record—I'd buy it! All in all, I'd give it three and half stars.

2. This sounds to me like something I would have loved to do. I think his interpretation was wonderful and I'm almost sure that it's a boy named Rusty Draper, the lad out in San Francisco that everybody's been hearing so much about lately. I think he sings great.

A lot of people have been saying that he sounds an awful lot like me, but from what I have heard I think that he sounds more like Johnnie Ray. The material is more what you have been accustomed to hearing Carl and myself do, but I think that if this had been a song more in Johnnie Ray's pattern you would think he sounds more like Johnnie.

However, be that as it may, I like the record very much. I was crazy about the arrangement. Whoever did it did a wonderful job on it, and of course anything today that has a Latin flavor has a tremendous potentiality, because today that seems to be a big vogue, and rightly so. I'd be inclined to give this one four.

3. Well, I've been racking my brain for as long as that record lasted to remember the title—it sounds awfully familiar to me... I can't remember the title of it.

I like the interpretation; I don't think that it has a tremendous commercial value, at least not for me. I suppose the boys who made the record and who might read this will be awfully mad at me, but I want to be as honest as I can for as much as I know about it.

It could very well be, you know, that everything they're doing on this record just happens to be way beyond my musical knowledge—I'd give it two stars.

4. It's Hamp, or somebody trying awfully hard to sound like Hamp. I think that Hamp is one of the greatest and most sensitive musicians around even though most of the time he's playing in such a bombastic fashion, which is necessary if you know this business. He's a smart enough showman to know that most people can't be as sensitive as most musicians, so he just plays what he feels that they might like.

I don't know who the vocalist is, but this particular type of vocal always fractures me no matter who does it. I think the greatest exponents of this particular style are Dinah Washington in the female vein and Ivory Joe Hunter in the male. The interpretation is wonderful, but I do think that he got carried away a little bit in spots here and there, and that the band overshadowed the singer.

The artistic appeal to me was wonderful. Commercially I think this will do very successfully in the race market, but only by a freak, maybe, will it break into the pop field. For myself alone, and I don't



Mr. and Mrs. Laine and friend.

quibble, I give this three stars.

5. Well, Leonard, for me, Nat Cole can do no wrong, even on a song like this... I like it. I'm very sorry now that a year ago, when we got a copy of the song, we couldn't find room for it. I could have done with a change of pace of this kind... I think everybody should have a little change of pace and I think that this wasn't out of line for him to do. You never can tell, he might reach a lot of people that maybe he never appealed to before, although for myself, I can't understand how there could be any people that Nat Cole doesn't appeal to.

I give it three stars because it's Nat.

6. This one's puzzling to me... I don't know who the band is... I don't know who the group is... I don't know who the male vocalist is. I do happen to know the song! This song did not lend itself to this type of interpretation. The eccentricity of tempo and arrangement probably scared the lad a little; he's probably much more of a singer than this record shows. He sounds a lot like Billy Eckstine in the deeper parts, but there's quite a few people around that always sound like somebody else and I'd hesitate to make a guess at this particular guy.

This was a tremendous effort at trying to do something different and to capture the imagination of the listening public—on that basis alone I'd give it three stars, but for my own personal appeal—I'd give it two.

7. This gentleman is one of the top artists in the country no matter what type of song he does. I think Woody Herman is always striving for perfection and ideas—great interpretations. I was especially intrigued by the trombone bit because I was always crazy about those things. They always knocked me out and I was happy to see it used here. This is a little bit different from what I've heard Woody do—I like Woody on things like blues and lovely little ballads that he does so well.

The artistic appeal in this instance is humorous, and so you can't rate it high in a classy way, unless you bend way over backwards. The commercial value is something that might appeal to a small segment of people who like a little humor along with their music and probably the Woody Herman fans—it should—because I'm one and have been for a long time.

I've given this three stars.

8. I happened to be at the session when this was made, and to me it was one of the most wonderful things I have ever heard. In fact, when I heard this record being made I was sick that Mitch Miller hadn't given me the song. But as long as I didn't get it I would rather see nobody else get it than Jo Stafford, because she has been one of my favorite people—one of my favorite singers, for quite some time

Records Reviewed by Frankie Laine

Frankie was given no information whatever about the records played for him, either before or during the blindfold test.

1. Louis Jordan. *There Goes My Heart* (Decca).
2. Rusty Draper. *Devil Of A Woman* (Mercury).
3. Stan Getz. *The Best Thing For You Is Me* (Roost).
4. Lionel Hampton. *Crying* (MGM). Sonny Parker, vocal.
5. Nat Cole. *You Will Never Grow Old* (Capitol).
6. Joe Costa. *All The Things You Are* (Victor).
7. Woody Herman with Duke Ellington's Orchestra. *Cowboy Rumba* (Columbia). Quentin Jackson, trombone.
8. Jo Stafford. *Jambalaya* (Columbia).
9. Spade Cooley. *Singin' The Devil's Dream* (Decca).
10. Joe Bushkin. *If I Had You* (Columbia). Buck Clayton, trumpet; Bushkin, piano.

now.

I love her ideas, I love her voice, I love her trueness and clarity of tone, plus the fact that back in 1947 she was the very first one to ever give me a chance to sing on a major coast to coast program, when she had the Chesterfield Supper Club, and that goes a long way with me, because I have never forgotten that she was the first one to offer me a spot. When we were listening to the playback of this, Jo said she was pretty pleased with the way she had said "Son of a gun!" on the record, because the way I slur things sometimes on records had given the idea to her—which was to me a very wonderful compliment.

You told me not to give any record five stars unless I really flip and this one flipped me on the session. Only one little thing. Some of the listening public might be a little troubled by trying to figure out what some of the words are unless they see it printed. Five stars!

9. You have been playing very wonderful records for me all day, which kind of makes things easy for me. This sounds to me like it might be Paul Nero or Florian Zabach. The man who plays the steel guitar in the back could be Speedy West, whom we use a lot on the west coast when we get a western sound. He does a wonderful job. I think the band on this was wonderful and got a real good swinging feeling.

I thought where they used that last change of tempo, and used the drums to find it for him and steady the whole thing for the fiddler, was very well done and very smoothly done.

Whether it was Paul or Florian, the fiddle was very good. This might have more of an artistic appeal than some of the other records that you played today—simply because a lot of people may feel that the fiddle is more artistic, than some vocals or other instrumentals. The commercial value is a guess again, though it might capture the public's imagination like *Hot Canary* or *Fiddle Fiddle*. Three stars.

10. These are the kind of things that we don't hear much of these days and I don't hear enough of. I like the feel of these quiet, slow tunes and I wish that I had more opportunity to make a few sides with this kind of a combination now and then, because it has the feeling of doing a little quiet, personal, intimate kind of session, for your own kicks more than anything else, and you don't get much of a chance to do that these days.

I have no idea who it is. I like the piano—I like the trumpet except for one note which I didn't understand, and I think the feeling was just wonderful and relaxed and of course the song is an oldie and one of the standards: I hope someday I might have a chance to make it, and I hope what I make on it turns out to feel as good as this one.

The interpretation was very good again. My personal reaction, I guess you know by this time, is excellent. The artistic appeal probably will be very strong for those who still feel strong about the easy swing which was so prominent around 52nd Street a few years ago and which isn't too prominent any more.

The commercial value will be excellent for these very same people, but for the general public, with vocals such a dominating factor these days, I don't know how well it would do in the present record market.

For my own feel I give it three stars.

This Is Zig?

Hollywood — Ziggy Elman, great trumpet ace of the Goodman era (he has one side of a room in his home covered with *Down Beat* plaques), is forever showing his versatility. His most recent adventure involves his donning a cowboy suit and working as a sideman in the combo which backs hill-billy favorite Jimmy Wakely on his new weekly KNTX video series.

Terry Gilkyson

(Jumped from Page 8)

tunes run the gamut from the rousing to the morbid.

Gilkyson, an exceptionally rapid writer, was one of the first writer "guinea pigs" for a record business practice which has now become more or less common. He was commissioned by record men to produce tailor-made material for certain of their artists. His first such assignment was for the first Laine-Jo Stafford record date. The result was *Gambella*. And Gilkyson's prime patron has been Mitch Miller, now of Columbia Records.

Literate Good-looker

The writer-singer is quite a handsome chap, as the picture accompanying this story will testify. He also is quite a literate person whose tastes are far beyond the reach of the average. He is particularly fond of the classics, with Tchaikovsky his pet composer—"he wrote wonderful melodies," Bach's Chorales rank high on his list of his favored music.

Gilkyson, being a folk-minded guy, has a natural interest in the early jazz periods, is particularly fond of early blues, Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong's Brunswick and Okeh records are among his favorites. Duke Ellington's early records represent his favorite instrumental music of a pop or jazz variety.

"I love Duke's *East St. Louis Toodle-oo*—love his piano solo on the original record," added Gilkyson.

Escape Guy

"In my own field, the greatest is Burl Ives. It's a shame Burl doesn't stick to pure folk. And then there's Josh White. He's wonderful."

His greatest advocate is music man Brady, with whom Gilkyson now shares his own publishing firm. Brady describes Gilkyson as an "escape guy."

"That Gilkyson guy loves fishing. He just hightails it for the wide open spaces when he gets the urge. And no one can find him—except me, that is. But he's the greatest songwriter in the business. He's only been doing it for four years. Give him some time and he'll be right up there with the guys who have the top reputations."

Gilkyson recently bought a home in California in Sherman Oaks, just outside of Hollywood. Among his neighbors are the Frankie Laines. Concluded Gilkyson:

"I'm only down the road from Frankie—I want to be right there if he needs me."

No Europe Tour Yet For Lady Day

New York—Billie Holiday's European tour, which was to have started Oct. 12, has been postponed indefinitely.

Nixing of the deal is said to be an indirect result of Dick Haymes' income tax difficulties, since Haymes and Billie were to have played some dates together in England. Dick, as reported in the Sept. 24 *Beat*, can't leave the country until he's straight with Uncle Sam.

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PLAYING A TUNA instead of a tune is Ralph Flanagan, seen here with WCFL disc jockeys Bill O'Conner and Art Hellyer, at a party held during Ralph's recent engagement at the Blackhawk in Chicago.

Counterpoint

Studies In Reality

By NAT HENTOFF

Two letters and a book provide the ground bass for this issue's chorus. The book is George Mandel's *Flee The Angry Strangers* (Bobbs-Merrill), and I should like to second Leonard Feather's recent review of it in the *Beat*. As he stated, though the book is only peripherally concerned with jazz, should vitally interest both musicians and thinking listeners.

Mandel, like most contemporary writers from Artie Shaw to Albert Camus, is trying to locate a personal reality, a base for purposeful living in what most often seems a totally disordered civilization. In his book, through the extraordinary empathy of his perception and the power of his writing, Mandel probes as has no previous writer, one of the more widespread and dangerous methods the bewildered have found to escape reality.

Square Hipsters

He neither moralizes nor, unlike Nelson Algren, does he patronizingly detach himself. What he does do with relentless honesty is to make the reader see how a compulsive urge to be different from "the squares" inexorably leads one kind of "real hip" personality to become the squarest of all—devoid of either will or independence or identity.

I note several superciliously clever reviews of the book have appeared in recent weeks. They apparently were written by a common kind of scared sophisticate who seem to exist mainly to bear out T. S. Eliot's contention that "Human kind cannot bear very much reality."

Reality is also the basis for the work of Burt Goldblatt, for whose jazz cover designs I expressed admiration several weeks ago. The fact that his art is representational does not necessarily insure its reality, since a first-rate abstract artist can often convey more emotional cogency than the most expert "realist." What does insure the essential reality of Goldblatt's work is the integrity of his mind and skill.

Young Correspondence

This has been brought into question, however, by a waspish letter in the August 27 *Beat* from Dave Young, who hastens to, as he puts it, "re-evaluate a grotesque misconception" by me, and assures me and all that Goldblatt is no more a creative artist than Liberace.

Mr. Young modestly omitted to mention that he himself is an artist, one who works in a different idiom from Goldblatt, and one who is highly regarded by several competent New York critics. He has also been trying to break into the jazz cover field, and I hope he succeeds, for his work, too, has

interest in the quality of album cover design on the part of record purchasers. So far it has been mainly the small companies who have displayed imagination and taste in their commissions. Perhaps in time, if enough consumer interest is shown, Columbia, Victor and the others will commission more work of quality from creative artists like Goldblatt—and Mr. Young.

Reality and nostalgia are mixed in another letter, this one received from a young Boston high school student, Justin Freed. His letter reminded me sharply of an important phase of my own emotional evolution, a phase paralleled, I suspect, in the backgrounds of most of the readers of this magazine. Remember your first awakening contact with jazz?

First Love

Justin Freed writes, "For a long while I was, I guess, like most teenagers, aware of jazz' existence but not of jazz as a music. Today many books and records later . . . I can't or rather can hardly live without it . . . Jazz, I hope, has changed me from an average Latin School pupil to one with something to think about and talk about. On the street car I go over phrases and ideas that I've heard recently. What's better, I have several friends aware of what the commercial disc jockeys are pulling and I have them more and more interested in jazz—even some classical lovers."

Freed's letter excellently recapitulates, I think, the initial enthusiasm that grips those first moved by jazz in their teens. That kind of ingenuous enthusiasm is apt to become dulled for periods of time after years of records and arguments, and for musicians, subsistence-dictated compromises. Yet it's always there, underneath all the rationalizations, and it might be well, when especially dragged by a particular dilemma or failure

Charlie Spivak.— Dick Bellerose tro. for Tim Jordan . . . Neal Hefti — Stu Sanders, tro. for Dick Bellerose . . . Dean Hudson—Lennie Love, piano for Bob Fields; Mal Gillis, alto and Sam Noto, tpt. out . . . Tommy Reynolds—Charlie Frankhauser, tpt. for Bobby Red Nichols (to T.D.) . . . Condon's—Bob Casey, bass for Bill Goodall; Cliff Leeman, drums for Morey Feld (to B.G.) . . . Don Rodney—Don Joseph, tpt. for Freddie Lambert (to Paul Martell) . . . Johnny Dee Trio (Scarnie's, Route 6, N.J.) —Bill Triglia, piano for Joe Berlin.

Barbara Nelson Trio (Stage Coach, Route 6, N.J.)—Bud Freeman, tenor for Phil Urso (to rejoin Terry Gibbs) . . . Jack Palmer (82 Club, N.Y.C.)—Frank Divito, drums for Bob Glucksman (to Moroccan Village for Gordie Heidrich) . . . Johnny Long—Kenny Struther, tro. for Jimmy Blount; Fred Shultz, piano for Dave Silberman; Barbara Hammond, vocals for Helen Daly (readying for a layette); John Barbee, bari. for George Danielson . . . Buddy Morrow—Frank Savoy, bass for Bob Haborchek; John Lapalina, tpt. for Bill Spano; Buddy Freed, piano for Doug Nordli . . .

Tony Bennett — Jimmy Dee, drums for Billy Exiner (to Barbara Carroll Trio, Embers) . . . Illinois Jacquet—Lamar Wright, Jr., tpt. for Joe Newman (to Basic); Vernon Biddle, piano for John Malachi (to Sarah Vaughan) . . . Ralph Flanagan—Gil Falco, tro. for Phil Giacobbe (home to wife & baby).

Sideman Switches

Ralph Craig, tro. to lead chair; Joe Sherr, drums for Jimmy Campbell . . . Tony Graye Trio—Gene DeLucie, piano for Bob Gill . . . Barbara Nelson (Stage Coach, Route 6, N.J.)—Irving Joseph, piano for Bill Triglia (to Scarnie's) . . . Buddy Morrow—Fred Greenwell, ten. for John Pellicane . . . Woody Herman —Frank Gallagher, bass for Chubby Jackson . . . Jerry Sherd Trio (Steve Allen Show)—Ernie Calabria, guitar for Hank Monas . . . Tommy Dorsey—Bobby Red Nichols, tpt. for Charlie Shavers; Carl Whittington, bass for Merv Oliver . . . Dizzy Gillespie—Bernard Griggs, Jr., bass for Percy Heath (to Milt Jackson Band); Wynton Kelly, piano for Milt Jackson . . . Larry Carrin Band (Queens Terrace, Jackson Hts., L.I.; N.Y.C.) —Phil Arabia, drums for Eddie Parker . . .

Teddy Charles Trio (Wigwam, West 44 St.)—Phil Orlando, guitar for Don Roberts (to B.G. Sextet); will return to Teddy Charles after Goodman tour) . . . Blossom Dearie Trio (Chantilly, N.Y.C.) —Russ Saunders, bass and Roy Hall, drums added . . . Chuck Wayne Trio (Zebra, Levittown, L.I.; N.Y.)—Ronnie Ball, piano for Cookie Norwood . . .

Johnny Long — Mike Mancini, tenor for Gene Leshner (to Ray Anthony for Bill Usselson) . . . Charlie Barnett—Al Porcino, tpt. for Charlie Caudle; Dick Sherman, tpt. for Kenny Winslett . . . Camel Caravan Road Show — Roy Duke, drums, added.

I'd want to have that band now—it would have a better chance today.

When I say I'm interested in progressive music, I don't necessarily mean music that "progresses" to a point where it loses all warmth and beat and contact with real jazz.

Un-Progressives

I think that is the fault with that clique of so-called progressives who don't care if nobody understands or appreciates what they're doing as long as they think it's pure. When you get to where you have to hand a blueprint over the footlights, the audience isn't being entertained—it's going to school.

Which reminds me that in a way I'm going to school myself. Bobby Tucker and I (he's my pianist and musical director) have been studying music together seriously. I keep a little portable organ in my dressing room and work out harmonic ideas.

I'm not studying Schillinger, because I don't want to reduce music to mathematical terms; but I do want to be able to express some of my ideas by writing them down. Musically, I mean—but in the meantime it's been a kick to write a few of them down for you in words!

Noro Morales To Chi

Chicago—Noro Morales brings a five-piece crew into the Omar Room of the Preview here on Oct. 1 to play for dancing. Spot has been building steadily as the only Latin room in the loop.

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Billy Eckstine

(Jumped from Page 2)

Among the new bands, it's really the "new" old bands that kill me. Bill Basie has the greatest around. His new band really is the greatest, and I'm not writing that because he happens to be going out on tour with me. I mean it. Bill really is a shrewd leader. He keeps changing his tempos on the same arrangements according to whatever the situation may call for. I've heard Bill move a tempo from medium to racehorse on the same arrangement on the same night and kill the people just as much both times. And Basie really is hard to top when it comes to keeping time. He swings all the time.

And Duke, well he's a legend. What can you say about Duke except that he's always wonderful. Woody Herman and Les Brown are always leading fine bands. Woody's new band knocked me out when I caught it at the Statler in New York.

If I Had A Band Again

But if I had to go back to band leading—perish the thought—I would still want to have the band I had to break up in 1946. At least, he same kind of band. I could never get all those guys back together again, so many of them are doing well with combos of their own now—Dizzy, Bird, Gene Ammons, Leo Parker and several others.

The main point is, I would want a progressive band—one that would play some fine, swinging things and some things with good changes that would be musically interesting without going over people's heads.

I Didn't Say That!

Maybe this will surprise you if you read that alleged quote of some remarks attributed to me about bop being a fraud and so forth. Anyone who knows me must have guessed that I never said that. The whole thing was completely garbled; in fact, it wasn't even in the proof of the story which they sent me—it was added later without my knowledge.

I appreciated what happened musically with my band, even though it was ahead of its time and flapped commercially. That's why

RAGTIME MARCHES ON

FINAL BAR

BERLIZHEIMER—David T. Berlzheimer, 82, former violinist, August 18 in Philadelphia.
CLIFFORD—John T. Clifford, 55, music publisher, August 29 in Boston.
COLTER—Bertram Colter, 48, musician, August 24 in Boston.
FERGUSON—Ely C. Ferguson, 59, former drummer with Merle Evans' band, August 22 in Miami.
GARLICH—Frank Garlich, 81, former treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera Association, August 25 in Brooklyn.
PAINE—W. C. (Billy) Paine, 51, singer, August 25 in Boston.
RAMSEY—Joseph M. Ramsey, 61, singer, August 25 in Los Angeles.
TURRELLY—Arthur Turrelly, 67, theater musician, August 17 in Los Angeles.
WISE—Alexander Wise, music publisher, recently in New York.

NEW NAMES

ABRAMSON—A son, Robert Harry, to Mr. and Mrs. Herb Abramson, August 28 in New York. Dad is head of Atlantic Records.
DIE—A daughter, Mary Ellen (8 lbs., 13 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Dee, May 24 in New York. Dad played trumpet with Elliot Lawrence.
FRILEY—A son, Brad Clark (6 lbs., 4 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Vern Friley, recently in Flushing, L.I. Dad plays trombone with Tommy Reynolds; mom is a singer (formerly with Tommy Dorsey).
GIACOBBE—A daughter, Joan (8 lbs., 6 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Phil Giacobbe, July 28 in Mineola, L.I., N.Y. Dad played trombone with Ralph Flanagan.
LEVIN—A son, Christopher Rolf (6 lbs., 4 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levin, May 27 in New York. Dad, former *Down Beat* editor, is now doing production, TV and radio, for Erwin Wasey Agency.
PARKER—A son, Charles Baird (7 lbs., 6 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Parker, August 10 in New York. Dad is *Down Beat* award-winning alto man.
SEVERENSON—A daughter, Cynthia Hilding (7 lbs., 6 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Doc Severenson, recently in Jackson Heights, N.Y. Dad plays trumpet on Kate Smith Show, NBC-TV.
STOLLER—A son, Barrett Elliott (7 lbs.), to Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Stoller, recently in Brooklyn, N.Y. Dad plays piano with Al Lombardy.
TREADWELL—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Treadwell, August 18 in Philadelphia. Dad is disc jockey on WDAS.
TRISTANO—A son, Steven (7 lbs., 4 oz.), to Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Tristano, May 23 in New York. Dad owns music school and record company named Jazz.

TIED NOTES

ASCHER-BONECK—Bob Ascher, trombonist, and Naomi Boneck, dancer, September 7 in New York.
DAVIS-FREEMAN—Gus Davis, drummer with dance bands in Philadelphia, and Gwendolyn Freeman, August 16 in Philadelphia.
FAFFLEY-THOMPSON—Bill Faffley, trumpeter, formerly with Skitch Henderson, now teaching, and Mary Thompson, September 6 in White Plains, N.Y.
GOODMAN-GOODMAN—Harry Goodman, music publisher, and Patricia Goodman (re-marriage), recently in Las Vegas.
POWELL-CLAIR—Vic Powell, altoist, last with Charlie Spivak, and Lu Clair, August 2 in Pittsburgh, Pa.
PREVIN-BENNETT—Andre Previn, musical director, and Betty Bennett, radio singer, August 24 in Los Angeles.
STOLL-HENNESSY—Allan Stoll, drummer with Russ Carbyle, and Chris Hennesy, August 15 in Reno, Nev.

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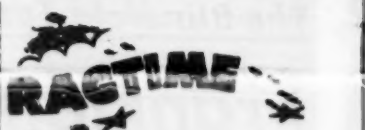
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A NEW



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Press Agents

(Jumped from Page 2)

The music publishers are better than they were. You get more stuff like Jerry Wexler's Memos and less junk.

True, I got at least 15 Christmas cards last year from people I never heard of, all sending personal, warm greetings, and all with my name and address STENCILED on the envelope.

True, I recently got a fervent letter from a movieland character who also makes records, mimeographed and with the name affectionately typed in crooked and in different ink.

Woody Came Through

But I also got a great form letter from Woody Herman, well written, intelligently presented and containing information I could use, and it didn't offend my sensitive nature by being obviously a form letter. Hats off to whoever is doing this for Woody.

Remember Frankie Laine built oceans of good will by writing personal postcards; Les Paul and Mary Ford will always be remembered warmly in San Francisco for their personal messages to jocks; Fred Lowery for his personal tape recordings, and that gracious lady, Dinah Shore, for her thank-you notes.

The press agent mob should take a little time out to think of these things. It's public relations. It's direct mail advertising. Done right, it pays. Done half-right, it hurts.

Lund Set At Coral Records

New York—Art Lund has signed a record contract with Coral Records after completing five years with the MGM discery. Lund was the first male vocalist to sign with MGM and also produced that firm's first hit record, *Mam'selle*.

The former Goodman vocalist has recorded and has released his first Coral sides. They were done with backing from Leroy Holmes and a studio band.

The label also signed a new thrush, Karen Chandler, to a term recording contract.

Music Fights Communism

(Jumped from Page 1)

pet peeve must surely be Jo Stafford. In a weekly 15-minute show, playing one record of her own and two requests, she offers Stafford albums as prizes for the best answers to such questions as "What can you do to help preserve world peace?" Also in the pop field, Martin Block's 30-minute weekly show is in its fourth year; the *Hit Parade* broadcasts are taken off the air and foreign-language commentaries added.

Newest and most ambitious in the pop line is the series by Paul Whiteman. It's a history of popular music in the U.S., with personal recollections by Pops, and such guests as Bing Crosby.

Small Town Symphonies, Too

In the classical department, there are complete broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera, and a series called *Symphony Orchestras of the U.S.* to show that not only our big cities have fine symphony outfits. *Music In Industry* presents amateur musician-citizens, aided by their employers—the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. choral group, the Bell Telephone Co. orchestra, and others that imply the spirit of harmony in an industrial democracy.

The recently instituted *Musical Theatre*, with Mimi Benzell as narrator, offers condensed versions of complete operettas and musical comedies, from Gilbert and Sullivan to Cole Porter.

Plenty Of Jazz

Jazz to many peoples, is as typically American as baseball. *Jazz Club U.S.A.*, was at first mainly a disc show. It has now been expanded into a weekly live session for which music is recorded everywhere from the Statler Hotel to Stuyvesant Casino.

Music In Our Schools takes audiences all the way through kindergarten to college via vocal and orchestral groups. *Musical Folkways* shows grass-roots Americana, recorded at festivals and special events throughout the 48 states.

Sure, it's a tremendous project, involving hundreds of workers, including field men armed with tape recorders (and with blanket per-

Orks, Singers Good Pairing

(Jumped from Page 1)

just so-so, but the local disc jockeys conveniently were informed of Hal's new disc venture and started pounding away on the band in anticipation of the record. And business wound up on the solid black side as a result.

But more important, here's what Hal will do both for the Mills Brothers and for Decca records: he will be tantamount to a roving ambassador in its behalf. He will be selling the record on every one of his one-nighters, and he works many of them. He will be talking up the Mills Brothers on each of these dates as well, and Lord knows, no artist in this business would shrug off some extra propaganda.

Others Could Do It

The same results would be forthcoming of similar disc matings. And there are many bands who are scuffling to get their name on a record who would certainly be willing to do what Hal did. Mind you, good bands like Claude Thornhill's, Charlie Spivak's, Tony Pastor's, etc.

And, of course, the same practice could just as readily apply to bands under contract. Like Capitol just did with Billy May—he has had records with Nat Cole and, more recently, Johnny Mercer since he became a full-time maestro.

Twofold Advantage

The advantage of using an organized band to back up a singer on a record is considerable musically as well. For who would know better how to pick a tempo for dancers better than a guy who's out there night in and night out doing just that for a living?

We're just submitting this idea as some food for thought. We think the band business is due its revival and perhaps this may be just one small way to help make the sailing smoother.

mission from Petrillo to record anything they like without fee). Thanks to the vast and unremitting onslaught of the Voice of America, music is helping, all over the world, in the grim struggle for the survival of democracy.

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He neither moralizes nor, unlike Nelson Algren, does he patronizingly detach himself. What he does do with relentless honesty is to make the reader see how a compulsive urge to be different from "the squares" inexorably leads one kind of "real hip" personality to become the squarest of all—devoid of either will or independence or identity.

I note several superciliously clever reviews of the book have appeared in recent weeks. They apparently were written by a common kind of scared sophisticate who seem to exist mainly to bear out T. S. Eliot's contention that "Human kind cannot bear very much reality."

Reality is also the basis for the work of Burt Goldblatt, for whose jazz cover designs I expressed admiration several weeks ago. The fact that his art is representational does not necessarily insure its reality, since a first-rate abstract artist can often convey more emotional cogency than the most expert "realist." What does insure the essential reality of Goldblatt's work is the integrity of his mind and skill.

Young Correspondence

This has been brought into question, however, by a waspish letter in the August 27 *Beat* from Dave Young, who hastens to, as he puts it, "reevaluate a grotesque misconception" by me, and assures one and all that Goldblatt is no more a creative artist than Liberace.

Mr. Young modestly omitted to mention that he himself is an artist, one who works in a different idiom from Goldblatt, and one who is highly regarded by several competent New York critics. He has also been trying to break into the jazz cover field, and I hope he succeeds, for his work, too, has much to say. It's unfortunate though that a combination of parochial artistic viewpoint and a degree of frustration have brought about his sweeping condemnation of an unusually expressive artist.

May Focus Interest

I bring up this minor hassle the hope that it may focus more

interest in the quality of album cover design on the part of record purchasers. So far it has been mainly the small companies who have displayed imagination and taste in their commissions. Perhaps in time, if enough consumer interest is shown, Columbia, Victor and the others will commission more work of quality from creative artists like Goldblatt—and Mr. Young.

Reality and nostalgia are mixed in another letter, this one received from a young Boston high school student, Justin Freed. His letter reminded me sharply of an important phase of my own emotional evolution, a phase paralleled, I suspect, in the backgrounds of most of the readers of this magazine. Remember your first awakening contact with jazz?

First Love

Justin Freed writes, "For a long while I was, I guess, like most teenagers, aware of jazz' existence but not of jazz as a music. Today many books and records later . . . I can't or rather can hardly live without it . . . Jazz, I hope, has changed me from an average Latin School pupil to one with something to think about and talk about. On the street car I go over phrases and ideas that I've heard recently. What's better, I have several friends aware of what the commercial disc jockeys are pulling and I have them more and more interested in jazz—even some classical lovers."

Freed's letter excellently recapitulates, I think, the initial enthusiasm that grips those first moved by jazz in their teens. That kind of ingenuous enthusiasm is apt to become dulled for periods of time after years of records and arguments, and for musicians, subsistence-dictated compromises. Yet it's always there, underneath all the rationalizations, and it might be well, when especially dragged by a particular dilemma or failure in execution or appreciation, to recall that first surge of emotional awareness. Because it is true that once a life is seriously touched by jazz, it develops in quite a different way, in many areas, than if it had never opened itself to Louis or the Bird.

Sideman Switches

Charlie Solovay — Dick Holloman

tro. for Tim Jordan . . . Neal Hefli — Stu Sanders, tro. for Dick Belterose . . . Dean Hudson—Lennie Love, piano for Bob Fields; Mal Gillis, alto and Sam Noto, tpt. out . . . Tommy Reynolds—Charlie Frankhauser, tpt. for Bobby Red Nichols (to T.D.) . . . Condon's—Bob Casey, bass for Bill Goodall; Cliff Leeman, drums for Morey Feld (to B.G.) . . . Don Rodney—Don Joseph, tpt. for Freddie Lambert (to Paul Martell) . . . Johnny Dee Trio (Scarnie's, Route 6, N.J.)—Bill Triglia, piano for Joe Berlineri.

Barbara Nelson Trio (Stage Coach, Route 6, N.J.)—Bud Freeman, tenor for Phil Urso (to rejoin Terry Gibbs) . . . Jack Palmer (82 Club, N.Y.C.)—Frank Divito, drums for Bob Glucksmann (to Moroccan Village for Gordie Heidrich) . . . Johnny Long—Kenny Struthers, tro. for Jimmy Blount; Fred Shultz, piano for Dave Silberman; Barbara Hammond, vocals for Helen Daly (readying for a layette); John Barbee, bari. for George Danielson . . . Buddy Morrow—Frank Savoy, bass for Bob Haborchek; John Lapalina, tpt. for Bill Spano; Buddy Freed, piano for Doug Nordli . . .

Tony Bennett — Jimmy Dee, drums for Billy Exiner (to Barbara Carroll Trio, Embers) . . . Illinois Jacquet—Lamar Wright, Jr., tpt. for Joe Newman (to Basic); Vernon Biddle, piano for John Malachi (to Sarah Vaughan) . . . Ralph Flanagan—Gil Falco, tro. for Phil Giacobbe (home to wife & baby).

Ralph Craig, tro. to lead chair; Joe Sherr, drums for Jimmy Campbell . . . Tony Graye Trio—Gene DeLucie, piano for Bob Gill . . . Barbara Nelson (Stage Coach, Route 6, N.J.)—Irving Joseph, piano for Bill Triglia (to Scarnie's) . . . Buddy Morrow—Fred Greenwell, ten. for John Pellicane . . . Woody Herman—Frank Gallegher, bass for Chubby Jackson . . . Jerry Sherd Trio (Steve Allen Show)—Ernie Calabria, guitar for Hank Monas . . . Tommy Dorsey—Bobby Red Nichols, tpt. for Charlie Shavers; Carl Whittington, bass for Merv Oliver . . . Dizzy Gillespie — Bernard Griggs, Jr., bass for Percy Heath (to Milt Jackson Band); Wynton Kelly, piano for Milt Jackson . . . Larry Carrin Band (Queens Terrace, Jackson Hts., L.I.; N.Y.C.)—Phil Arabia, drums for Eddie Parker . . .

Teddy Charles Trio (Wigwam, West 44 St.)—Phil Orlando, guitar for Don Roberts (to B.G. Sextet; will return to Teddy Charles after Goodman tour) . . . Blossom Dearie Trio (Chantilly, N.Y.C.)—Russ Saunders, bass and Roy Hall, drums added . . . Chuck Wayne Trio (Zebra, Levittown, L.I.; N.Y.)—Ronnie Ball, piano for Cookie Norwood.

Johnny Long — Mike Mancini, tenor for Gene Leshner (to Ray Anthony for Bill Usselson) . . . Charlie Barnett—Al Porcino, tpt. for Charlie Caudle; Dick Sherman, tpt. for Kenny Winslett . . . Camel Caravan Road Show—Roy Duke, drums, added.

I'd want to have that band now—it would have a better chance today.

When I say I'm interested in progressive music, I don't necessarily mean music that "progresses" to a point where it loses all warmth and beat and contact with real jazz.

Un-Progressives

I think that is the fault with that clique of so-called progressives who don't care if nobody understands or appreciates what they're doing as long as they think it's pure. When you get to where you have to hand a blueprint over the footlights, the audience isn't being entertained—it's going to school.

Which reminds me that in a way I'm going to school myself. Bobby Tucker and I (he's my pianist and musical director) have been studying music together seriously. I keep a little portable organ in my dressing room and work out harmonic ideas.

I'm not studying Schillinger, because I don't want to reduce music to mathematical terms; but I do want to be able to express some of my ideas by writing them down. Musically, I mean—but in the meantime it's been a kick to write a few of them down for you in words!

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PASTIME MARCHES ON

FINAL BAR

BERLITZHEIMER—David T. Berlitzheimer, 52, former violinist, August 18 in Philadelphia.
CLIFFORD—John T. Clifford, 55, music publisher, August 20 in Boston.
COLTER—Bartram Colter, 48, musician, August 24 in Boston.
FERGUSON—Elay C. Ferguson, 59, former drummer with Merle Evans' band, August 22 in Miami.
GARUCHIS—Frank Garucha, 81, former treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera Association, August 25 in Brooklyn.
PAINE—W. C. (Billy) Paine, 61, singer, August 25 in Boston.
RAMSEY—Joseph M. Ramsey, 61, singer, August 25 in Los Angeles.
TURRELLY—Arthur Turrelly, 67, theater musician, August 17 in Los Angeles.
WISE—Alexander Wise, music publisher, recently in New York.

NEW NUMBERS

ABRAMSON—A son, Robert Harry, to Mr. and Mrs. Herb Abramson, August 28 in New York. Dad is head of Atlantic Records.
DEE—A daughter, Mary Ellen (8 lbs., 13 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Dee, May 24 in New York. Dad played trumpet with Elliot Lawrence.
FRILEY—A son, Brad Clark (6 lbs., 4 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Vern Friley, recently in Flushing, L.I. Dad plays trombone with Tommy Reynolds; mom is a singer (formerly with Tommy Dorsey).
GIACOBBE—A daughter, Joan (8 lbs., 13 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Phil Giacobbe, July 25 in Mineola, L.I., N.Y. Dad played trombone with Ralph Flanagan.
LEVIN—A son, Christopher Rolf (6 lbs., 6 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levin, May 27 in New York. Mom, former *Down Beat* editor, is now doing production, TV and radio, for Erwin Wasey Agency.
PARKER—A son, Charles Baird (7 lbs., 6 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Parker, August 10 in New York. Dad is *Down Beat* award-winning alto man.
SEVERANCE—A daughter, Cynthia Hilding (7 lbs., 6 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Doc Severance, recently in Jackson Heights, N.Y. Dad plays trumpet on Kate Smith Show, NBC-TV.
STOLLER—A son, Barrett Elliott (7 lbs.) to Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Stoller, recently in Brooklyn, N.Y. Dad plays piano with Al Lombardy.
TREADWELL—A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Treadwell, August 18 in Philadelphia. Dad is disc jockey on WDAS.
TRISTANO—A son, Steven (7 lbs., 8 oz.) to Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Tristano, May 23 in New York. Dad owns music school and record company named Jazz.

TIED NOTES

ASCHER-BONECK—Bob Ascher, trombonist, and Naomi Boneck, dancer, September 7 in New York.
DAVIS-FREEMAN—Gus Davis, drummer with dance bands in Philadelphia, and Gwendolyn Freeman, August 16 in Philadelphia.
FAFFLEY-THOMPSON—Bill Faffley, trumpeter, formerly with Skitch Henderson, now teaching, and Mary Thompson, September 6 in White Plains, N. Y.
GOODMAN-GOODMAN—Harry Goodman, music publisher, and Patricia Goodman (re-marriage), recently in Las Vegas.
POWELL-CLAIR—Vic Powell, altoist, last with Charlie Spivak, and Lu Clair, August 2 in Pittsburgh, Pa.
PREVIN-BENNETT—Andre Previn, musical director, and Betty Bennett, radio singer August 24 in Los Angeles.
STOLL-HENNESSY—Allan Stoll, drummer with Russ Carlyle, and Chris Hennessy, August 15 in Reno, Nev.



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Press Agents

(Jumped from Page 2)

The music publishers are better
than they were. You get more stuff
like Jerry Wexler's Memos and less
junk.True, I got at least 15 Christmas
cards last year from people I never
heard of, all sending personal,
warm greetings, and all with my
name and address STENCILLED
on the envelope.True, I recently got a fervent
letter from a movieland character
who also makes records, mimeo-
graphed and with the name affec-
tionately typed in crooked and in
different ink.

Woody Came Through

But I also got a great form letter
from Woody Herman, well writ-
ten, intelligently presented and con-
taining information I could use,
and it didn't offend my sensitive
nature by being obviously a form
letter. Hats off to whoever is do-
ing this for Woody.Remember Frankie Laine built
oceans of good will by writing per-
sonal postcards; Les Paul and
Mary Ford will always be remem-
bered warmly in San Francisco for
their personal messages to jocks;
Fred Lowery for his personal tape
recordings, and that gracious lady,
Dinah Shore, for her thank-you
notes.The press agent mob should take
a little time out to think of these
things. It's public relations. It's
direct mail advertising. Done right,
it pays. Done half-right, it hurts.Music Fights
Communism

(Jumped from Page 1)

pet peeve must surely be Jo Staf-
ford. In a weekly 15-minute show,
playing one record of her own and
two requests, she offers Stafford
albums as prizes for the best an-
swers to such questions as "What
can you do to help preserve world
peace?" Also in the pop field, Mar-
tin Block's 30-minute weekly show
is in its fourth year; the *Hit Pa-
rade* broadcasts are taken off the
air and foreign-language commen-
taries added.Newest and most ambitious in
the pop line is the series by Paul
Whiteman. It's a history of popular
music in the U.S., with personal
recollections by Pops, and such
guests as Bing Crosby.

Small Town Symphonies, Too

In the classical department, there
are complete broadcasts of the Met-
ropolitan Opera, and a series called
Symphony Orchestras of the U.S.
to show that not only our big cities
have fine symphony outfits. *Music
In Industry* presents amateur mu-
sician-citizens, aided by their em-
ployers—the Metropolitan Life In-
surance Co. choral group, the Bell
Telephone Co. orchestra, and others
that imply the spirit of harmony
in an industrial democracy.The recently instituted *Musical
Theatre*, with Mimi Benzell as nar-
rator, offers condensed versions of
complete operettas and musical
comedies, from Gilbert and Sulli-
van to Cole Porter.

Plenty Of Jazz

Jazz to many peoples, is as typi-
cally American as baseball. *Jazz
Club U.S.A.*, was at first mainly a
disc show. It has now been ex-
panded into a weekly live session
for which music is recorded every-
where from the Statler Hotel to
Stuyvesant Casino.*Music In Our Schools* takes audi-
ences all the way through kindergar-
ten to college via vocal and or-
chestral groups. *Musical Folkways*
shows grass-roots Americana, re-
corded at festivals and special
events throughout the 48 states.Sure, it's a tremendous project,
involving hundreds of workers,
including field men armed with tape
recorders (and with blanket per-Orks, Singers
Good Pairing

(Jumped from Page 1)

just so-so, but the local disc jockeys
conveniently were informed of
Hal's new disc venture and started
pounding away on the band in
anticipation of the record. And
business wound up on the solid
black side as a result.But more important, here's what
Hal will do both for the Mills
Brothers and for Decca records:
He will be tantamount to a roving
ambassador in its behalf. He will
be selling the record on every one
of his one-nighters, and he works
many of them. He will be talking
up the Mills Brothers on each of
these dates as well, and Lord
known, no artist in this business
would shrug off some extra
propaganda.

Others Could Do It

The same results would be forth-
coming of similar disc matings.
And there are many bands who are
scuffling to get their name on a
record who would certainly be will-
ing to do what Hal did. Mind you,
good bands like Claude Thornhill's,
Charlie Spivak's, Tony Pastor's,
etc.And, of course, the same prac-
tice could just as readily apply to
bands under contract. Like Capitol
just did with Billy May—he has
had records with Nat Cole and,
more recently, Johnny Mercer since
he became a full-time maestro.

Twofold Advantage

The advantage of using an or-
ganized band to back up a singer
on a record is considerable music-
ally as well. For who would know
better how to pick a tempo for
dancers better than a guy who's
out there night in and night out
doing just that for a living?We're just submitting this idea
as some food for thought. We think
the band business is due its revival
and perhaps this may be just one
small way to help make the sailing
smoother.mission from Petrillo to record
anything they like without fee).
Thanks to the vast and unremitting
onslaught of the Voice of America,
music is helping, all over the world,
in the grim struggle for the sur-
vival of democracy.Lund Set At
Coral RecordsNew York—Art Lund has signed
a record contract with Coral Re-
cords after completing five years
with the MGM discery. Lund was
the first male vocalist to sign with
MGM and also produced that firm's
first hit record, *Mam'selle*.The former Goodman vocalist has
recorded and has had released his
first Coral sides. They were done
with backing from Leroy Holmes
and a studio band.The label also signed a new
thrush, Karen Chandler, to a term
recording contract.

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standing names during the last 25 years. Don't miss it! On sale on newsstands
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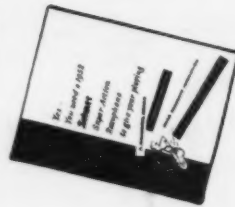
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RAY PEARL and his Sax Section—1952. Left to right: Jack Williams, Ted Ladd, Don Cline, and others: Chuck Turner, bass; Ray Pearl.

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(See Page 2)

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**Johann's
Bach-Log**
(See Page 4)

★ ★ ★

Steve Allen
(See Page 2)

★ ★ ★

**On The Cover
Tony Bennett**
(See Page 1)



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